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THE ICE LENS

GEORGE
FREDERICK
GUNDELFINGER



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THE ICE LENS

B O O K S

by

GEORGE FREDERICK GUNDELFINGER, PH.D.

THE ICE LENS

A Four-act Play

on Academic Immoralities

(New Edition)

Price \$1.25 postpaid

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on Certain Defects in the

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THE NEW FRATERNITY

Literature & Music

SEWICKLEY, PENNSYLVANIA

(*New Edition*)

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Author of "Ten Years at Yale"



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Published February, 1913

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Republished January, 1919

MAR -3 1919

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"HISTORICAL" NOTES

It seems to be a general convention with theatrical managers to decline hearing the music of a song-comedy unless the libretto has met with the approval of their readers, although this approval (as one may easily discern by recalling the "plot" of any successful musical comedy) does not indicate that the libretto itself has any intrinsic value. Nevertheless, no matter how worthy the musical score, it will be debarred from the public ear if the story to which it has been set does not possess that peculiarly essential characteristic: senselessness. I believe this has been and will be discovered by every composer in his prime; I *know* so in my case, for it was the very reason why *The Ice Lens* came into existence. After trying in vain to get an audience for my songs and dances, I undertook to write, not a successful and senseless libretto, but a play which I hoped would succeed, entirely irrespective of my musical genius.

This, I should really say, was only the *direct* cause of the birth of the play contained in this little volume; for the theme of *The Ice Lens* was not created simultaneously with the impulse to develop it. The raw material (raw in more senses than one) from which it has been constructed was being stowed away in my mind, although more or less unconsciously, both during and before my efforts on the song-comedy. But when the idea of writing a play occurred to me, this dormant mentality (furnished by several years' residence in a college community as undergraduate, graduate student, instructor and proctor respectively) awoke with amazing alacrity. Hundreds of "little things" I had earlier seen, heard and felt involuntarily, without being uncommonly impressed or inspired at the time, were *recalled* with far more vividness. They were woven together into a play in a very short time—not so very, very short if one takes into account the nights also, which were, in general, sleepless.

The manuscript was sent (all too soon) to certain play-producers. Needless to say, it invariably came back marked "unavailable" as most premature manuscripts do. But I had at least discovered that what I had hurriedly patched together was not senselessness, even though it had been patched together in a somewhat senseless manner.

One very well-known producing-house wrote: "The play exem-

plifies high ideals of conduct. The author's point of view is a fine one, and it is to be hoped that he will continue to work in the same directions, but unfortunately his medium does not seem to be a dramatic one. The play does not show the instinct for plot and situation which marks a born playwright, and the general effect is amateurish."

Another wrote more explicitly: "Almost throughout you have sacrificed drama for preachment. Your leading characters are too 'prunes and prisms' to be wholly sympathetic, no matter how near the truth they may be. I tell you this frankly—humanize them. Your theme is good and laudable."

These were the first two criticisms I received, and they had come from persons whom I did not know from Adam. I had not shown my copy to a single acquaintance before submitting it. It was not that I altogether spurned help from the outside, but rather that I wanted to work in secrecy. The nature of the play demanded this. When you will have become a little more familiar with it, you will understand why I did not seek admonition from some English professor on the *Yale* faculty. (I would probably have received an extremely different kind from the kind I was seeking if I had.) Being absolutely immune from discouragement and having, in addition, that exaggerated sense of individual and independent capability which is characteristic of every artist who *must* arrive (even though he has got to come half way down off his high horse in order to do so), I could not immediately agree with the criticisms I had received, although later I fully appreciated the fact that they contained some truth.

I began to rewrite *The Ice Lens*, at the same time reading successful plays by such authors as Shaw and Maeterlinck and Charles Rann Kennedy—also works by Emerson and William DeWitt Hyde. It ought to be stated at this point that in both my undergraduate and graduate courses at Yale I had specialized in Mathematics, and the smatterings of English literature and drama and composition I had received in the Sheffield *Scientific* School were just as good as forgotten. But self-education, stimulated by the above criticisms, soon switched me onto the right track, and it did not take me long to see that my leading character—Templeton—was, for the greater part, *misleading*. I realized that he, who was supposed to win the complete sympathy of all, had, against his will, been made, by me, to utter some very brutal words, some of which, nevertheless, I was quite unwilling to drop from the play itself, because even the "all

too human" Emerson had informed me that men want and need to hear "rude" truth, for the telling of which I myself had more or less unknowingly developed an unbridled passion. In order to restrain the latter (thereby "humanizing" Templeton) I wrote several things on a large piece of cardboard which I continually kept on my desk in an upright position all the while I was revising my play. I chanced to save this card and am therefore able to print here both the *written* law which I was trying to enforce upon myself and the *written* licence which enabled me to violate it: "If possible, say nothing that will *cut* without *healing*. Make Templeton more or less spiritual, loving and *entirely sympathetic*. If some sarcastic or rash things *must* (this word is underlined three times) be said, let them come from Metcalf." Poor Metcalf! By this means I succeeded in accomplishing an almost complete metamorphosis of the proctor, yet all the while detesting the probability of his being mistaken for a mollicoddle, because I plainly foresaw that this character would inevitably be considered a portrayal of the author himself. It is hard to try to *appear* human and at the same time *be* dynamic—or even interesting. In the scene with Jeanette in the Second Act, I thought there was still one opportunity for Templeton to speak a little "rude" truth in such a way as not to appear inhuman, although I took the precaution to precede the dialogue with the stage direction that "he should resort to moderation when his subject appears in the least offended." I knew that the frivolous Jeanette needed (figuratively speaking) a thorough spanking to prepare her for the message which was to urge her on into spanking her father. In the case of the latter spanking, I defied the criticisms which were holding me in harness, for I knew it could not possibly be effective unless it were "inhuman." Had that "human" spanking which Lyon received from Templeton in the First Act soaked in any farther than water on a duck's back? (And have we not been told very recently that the only language a Hun will listen to is the language of the big guns!) But even after receiving so inhuman a spanking from his daughter, Lyon finally needed an actual gun to convert him, although he himself had to do the shooting. But to return to the subject in question: I did "humanize" Templeton. And what I feared would happen did happen. Allow me to get a little ahead of my story and say that when the play appeared in print, one reviewer called the proctor "a colorless archangel;" my sister's classmate at Mt. Holyoke moaned to me, "Oh why did you make him so good!" The Yale students,

among themselves, referred to me as their "pastor," and I heard indirectly that one member of the faculty wanted to know if it was really so that Doctor Gundelfinger wore pure white nightgowns. I found consolation, however, in knowing that while the author-character lacked (?) color, the play which he had written lacked enough "pure white" to make up for it.

After receiving the criticisms from Broadway, I began to see more and more clearly that my play, after all, had not been written *primarily* for the stage, although I still felt and feel that it was and is destined to cross the footlights sometime in the future after it will have been blue-penciled and modified for that purpose. I realized that the *printed* drama merely chanced to be the first medium through which I had been assigned by fate to deliver a message to the American public—a message which would often have to be repeated—a message which has held my mind captive as bearer ever since and which has been conducted twice again to the educational world through my essays and my novel respectively. My oft-rejected song-comedy was, therefore, simply the key which unlocked my subconsciousness to a more serious field of service for which my environment and experiences had supplied the facts and for which the solitude of self-education would eventually furnish the better means for expressing them and for agitating reforms.

Shortly after I had copyrighted the original manuscript before sending it to the judges on The Great White Way, I received a letter from The Shakespeare Press, saying they had observed it in the list at the Library of Congress and asking if they might be permitted to publish it. I happened to retain this letter. If I had not done so, it is possible (though not probable) that *The Ice Lens* would never have appeared in print. (For I have thoroughly learned since then that however unwilling producers are to accept a manuscript by a new author, publishers are infinitely more so—in particular, if the author has something to say that the readers of "best sellers" don't care to hear, my novel, for example, having made twenty round trips to publishing houses in various cities, sometimes returning so suddenly that I believe it must have met itself coming back on the way out.) The Shakespeare Press was not a large or well-known publishing house which had grown fat by feeding printed mush and milk to the masses. As far as I could make out, it was a one-man concern to whom authors paid the funds for publication, the publisher deducting *his* royalty from the sales. The letter from the Shakespeare Press had taught me that it is possible to find a

publisher for any book whatever—in fact it taught me that one can find such a publisher without the seeking, the latter being done by the publisher himself.

I might say here, for the benefit of the inexperienced, that preparing a manuscript for a publisher is a very different thing from preparing it for a producer. One of the advantages is that it does not wear out the dash on your typewriter; one of the disadvantages, that it takes a little more oil for the lubrication of the shafts which operate the period, the comma, the colon and the semi-colon. Punctuation will never mean anything to anyone until he goes to press.

But before sending the punctuated copy of *The Ice Lens* to the press, I decided to make one more appeal to the stage—this time not to a producer but to an actress: Maude Adams. It occurred to me that Miss Adams had done much to further dramatic interests at Yale, and I wondered if she might not be willing to help improve Yale *morally* by means of the drama. I must admit that I had my doubts as to her ability to fight through the rôle of Jeanette Lyon in the Third Act, even though I had seen her *play* the part of a rooster. However, my doubts were unnecessary, for Miss Adams not only never read the manuscript but even ignored the letter in which I had very politely asked her if she would care to do so.

The Ice Lens appeared in print in February, 1913. "We have been advised by Yale men," said a New York paper at that time, "that such a stir has hardly been caused at New Haven for a long while as this little four-act play in book-form has raised recently." The campus publications undertook to smother the sensation with ridicule. The *Yale Record*, which occasionally succeeds when trying very hard to be funny, printed a burlesque on the play which, no doubt, would have won approval as a musical-comedy libretto. The same issue devoted two columns to a satirical retelling of the story in poetic (?) form, the last verse of which ran as follows:

An epoch-making book, I ween,
Of dainty mots, its fund'll linger
Long after we've forgot thy spleen,
Sublime unlettered Gundelfinger!

I enjoyed very much the clean fun of the *Record*. Be it said to the credit of Yale's legitimate undergraduate papers that they never resort to foul play. The latter, however, was capably done by a bastard publication which, like a toadstool, sprang up overnight

solely for this purpose and died in a second issue after having happily disseminated the cheap unfertile sperm of its first. The editor of the *Eavesdropper* (as the paper was "christened") must have been unconsciously thinking of himself, though consciously referring to the author of *The Ice Lens*, when he said: "Indeed since it was written by a Yale man, it could not be anything but destructive and insulting." Indirectly this remark also verified the existence of two such unworthy types of the Yale campus as Adder and DePeyster, who could not be better described by words other than "destructive" and "insulting." The perverted mind of this ephemeral journalist, whose name, fortunately, did not leak out with his drivel, was revealed in his attempt to eliminate (by inserting the parentheses) the ambiguity which probably he alone saw in DePeyster's remark: "See how it (the dress) fits her developments."

The *Yale Alumni Weekly*, by means of which the true purpose of the play could have been brought before the graduates, declined to review it, to accept a paid advertisement, or even to mention it under the author's name among the Alumni Notes—a strong and clear proof that *The Ice Lens* was a play with a future.

With the exception of *The Wisconsin* which thoughtfully reviewed the book under the significant heading "Pricking the Research Work Bubble," the daily papers, although they gave the play considerable publicity, seemed to overlook entirely the fundamental feature of its message. A few of them seemed to see nothing in it except the "pink stockings, lady's size," and one reviewer unknowingly admitted his shallowness of penetration by saying, "If the theme is immorality in college fraternity life, why drag in dissertations on the relative values of teaching and research work, salaries of teachers, and other unrelated matters." For the benefit of this reviewer and for the benefit of many others who are of his opinion, I shall quote a paragraph from a speech delivered by Professor Robert N. Corwin before a convention of Yale alumni at Buffalo on June 16th, 1916:

"The headmaster of one of our oldest and best fitting-schools—himself a Yale man—told me a few days ago that an increasing number of the boys of his school were each year preferring other colleges to Yale, and that this year, of a Senior class of some fifty, eight sons and brothers of Yale men were entering other colleges. To my question as to his explanation of these untoward conditions, he said that it was because of the lack of institutional and personal interest in the human welfare of our students."

Now why is there "a lack of institutional and personal interest in the human welfare of our students"? There is a lack of "institutional" interest because, of late, Yale has been aiming to become a great research-center rather than a school for young men. There is a lack of "personal" interest because her instructors know that "interest in the human welfare of our students" is unrewarded financially whereas an interest in the aim of the institution (which in this case means a fancy for the things of the laboratory instead of a devotion to the students in the dormitory) may raise salaries sky-high. When students are thus neglected morally and intellectually by their teachers (?),—and be it understood that the latter are not entirely to blame,—is it any wonder that vice runs rampant? I hope the reviewers will read again the rôle of Metcalf in *The Ice Lens*, and open their eyes to the influence of these "unrelated" matters.

Although the relation between teaching and research has been thoroughly discussed and debated in magazine articles which are seldom read by the parents of our students, *The Ice Lens* is the first attempt to introduce it into a literary form which, in addition, possesses other features entertaining enough to make it available not only for the average reader but also for that less fortunate being whose attention cannot be concentrated on a book and who needs the realism of the theatre to hold him. *Stover at Yale* (which, curiously enough, was running in *McClure's* when the original manuscript of *The Ice Lens* was visiting Broadway) was indeed a very incomplete pen picture of life in New Haven, owing to the fact that the author never had the opportunity to study his Alma Mater from the viewpoint of the faculty. For the same reason, Charles G. Norris, in his more recently published novel *Salt*, while he goes into the subject of academic immoralities far more deeply and courageously than Owen Johnson, offers no real remedy, he himself admitting it rather cleverly though unintentionally in the preface when he states that the incidents of his story are founded on "less than fact."

After *The Ice Lens* was printed, I continued sending the play in book form to various theatrical managers, hoping that it might accidentally fall into the hands of a producer who would be not only willing but anxious to adapt it to the stage. I felt particularly sanguine in the case of Richard Bennett who was at that time staging as well as acting Brioux's *Damaged Goods*, which led me to think that Mr. Bennett was radically different from the ordinary producer

not only in his theory of the theatre but in his own morale as well. Then too there were lines in the last act of the play which seemed to have much in common with *The Ice Lens*. "You know, Sir," says the heart-broken father, "the disaster that has befallen us. My son is eighteen; as the result of this disease, he is half-paralyzed. We are small trades people; we have regularly bled ourselves in order to send him to college, and now,—I only wish the same thing mayn't happen to others. It was at the very college gates that my poor boy was got hold of by one of these women * * *. Look at him my son. He'd better be in his grave. He was such a good-looking chap. We were that proud of him." But *The Ice Lens* was seemingly ignored by Mr. Bennett. A letter in answer to a second inquiry showed that the actor-producer was not the beneficent manager I had anticipated, and later from a slangy and braggart speech before the curtain, I learned conclusively that it was his own nerve rather than the horrors of syphilis that he was trying to reveal to the American public.

I did, however, receive letters from other managers indicating that my play was no longer regarded as "amateurish."

Frankly speaking, I myself was beginning to discredit the opinion of that earlier critic who said that my work did not show "the instinct for plot and situation which marks a born playwright," although I shall never refrain from admitting that the original manuscript was crude. It is true that certain species of birds build their nests, the first as well as the last, with extreme care and choice of material, and it is even unexceptionally true that the workmanship of all bees can hardly be improved upon. Yet we know that, in general, instinct implies crudeness, and this is both irrefutably and necessarily so in the case of the human artist. Would any intelligent person expect a born playwright's first product to be as perfect as the first nest of a yellow warbler? It is not enough to be a born playwright; a playwright must *acquire* intellect in addition to his *innate* genius. Egotistic though it may seem, I am going to claim that the original manuscript of *The Ice Lens* did show dramatic instinct, but I wish to add shamefully in the same breath that, despite the fact that I had already acquired both a Ph.B. and a Ph.D. at the time, I had not acquired one smattering of intellect. A thoroughly intellectual person can refer to an event as horrible as the onslaught at Château-Thierry in such a way as to make us think of nothing but an oriole twittering on an apple tree in whose dappled shadow a country maiden is powdering her young lettuce plants with

phosphate of lime. "Fertilized with the rich blood of the world's best men, a new springtime is opening on the world," said President Dabney of the University of Cincinnati in a recent baccalaureate. I repeat it, that however devoid of this intellectual element the situations in *The Ice Lens* were, they were not devoid of the instinct of a born playwright.

I once heard Margaret Anglin in *Zira*, and to this day when I read the lines of Jeanette Lyon in the Third Act of my play, I experience the same emotion by means of which Miss Anglin almost lifted me out of my seat. Incidentally, I have yet to hear the college president who can lift me out of my seat, although at a recent commencement in Soldiers' Memorial, Pittsburgh, Pa., I was almost *knocked* out of my seat by a certain LL.D. (plus a D.D.) as he went leaping about the stage not unlike a mad *dachshund* yelping: "God damn the German government!" Would that he had first gone to Miss Anglin to get a few pointers on how to move one's audience in a less literal sense! I have often thought of Miss Anglin as Jeanette. Not so long ago, without having to wait for an answer to a polite letter, I was discourteous enough to send her a copy of *The Ice Lens* by registered mail. I received an official receipt from the New York post office, but never a word from *Zira* herself.

There is another interesting little incident I should mention before going on to explain the appearance of this new edition, because it has indirectly helped to bring it about. A few years after I had withdrawn from the Yale faculty (*The Ice Lens* having become a seemingly forgotten thing and the publisher, without asking the permission of or even giving the information to the author, having destroyed five hundred sheets of the original edition) I attended a reception given in honor of Dr. Richard Burton, Head of the Department of English in the University of Minnesota and then President of the Drama League of America. At this reception, open to the members of the local center, Dr. Burton gave a short talk on the modern drama, saying (and apparently looking directly at me as he said so) that many of the plays written nowadays deserve nothing more than the damnation of silence. After the reception, the hostess, to whom I had earlier presented a copy of *The Ice Lens*, told me that she had shown it to Dr. Burton just before dinner. Believing firmly that mental food cannot be thoroughly digested as long as one's stomach is empty, I sent a copy to Minneapolis, men-

tioning "the damnation of silence" on the flyleaf. Several months later I received the following note:

"*The Ice Lens* has qualities of technic, expression and idea which I recognize as of value, and I hope you will do other dramatic work or print what you have done."

I have done "other dramatic work" since then, but I preferred to re-publish *The Ice Lens* and bring it to the attention of the Drama League, using Dr. Burton's note in the preface. I wrote again asking his permission to do so. In the meanwhile, I prepared a new manuscript for the press with numerous corrections and revisions and additions, although in no way altering its original message and purposely leaving unchanged the very features to which my earlier critics had most objected. On the preface-page, I wrote the following note for the printer: "Do not set up this prefatory note until I inform you that I have received Dr. Burton's approval." No word had come from Minneapolis. Still I waited—and waited.

I waited until I heard the factory whistles blowing and the school and church bells ringing at four o'clock in the morning of November the Eleventh, Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen,—the day on which the Great World War against Germany was brought to a close,—and then I went ahead. I began to write a new preface—these "historical" notes that you are now reading—on that memorable day when the whole of the United States were in the streets celebrating. Although I did not finish this preface until a week later, nevertheless I shall put that date at the close of it.

The Ice Lens, as you will discover, gets its name from the following passage in the First Act: "It is possible to make from ice a lens which will project images with sufficient magnification to show clearly many a defect unobserved in the original by the ordinary eye. Rays of sunlight, passing through this lens, can be so focused as to kindle a fire,—a fire which may destroy all the defects,—although the lens itself is left unmelted and whole."

When this passage was written for the first time, long before the author or many other persons had any forethought of the Great War (although it was at that time, no doubt, incipient in the minds of certain individuals), the "fire" literally referred to was that terrible scene in the Third Act where Ralph Lyon in a fury, brought about by the enlightenment which was "focused" on Jeanette Lyon's mind through John Templeton, unintentionally slays his own "defective" son.

But I little realized then that the above passage was also a *true* prophecy and that the "fire" has been the Great World War itself which has burned the traditional defects not only of Yale but of every important educational institution of higher learning in America down to the ground. The colleges and the universities have been practically taken over by the government as military camps, and the S. A. T. C. which has been established almost everywhere has completely revolutionized the academic life of the past. *Academic* research (for there are other and necessary kinds) is now a smashed idol, primarily because it was originally a German idea, although there were many of us who recognized its *intrinsic* worthlessness long before hymns of hate were chanted in our ears. At the convention of the National Education Association, held when the war was at white heat, there was discussed a plan to secure \$100,000,000. from Congress for raising the salaries of those who *teach* American ideals. Football, which is war in miniature, has received a "kick in the head" from which it can never fully recover. Have not our college men, heathenlike, worshipped it, together with its brutal mutilation and subsequent debauchery, just as ardently as Bernhardt has bellowed the glories of militarism? National Prohibition, which the war has greatly advanced, means the final and complete stamping out of the "booze" fights on the campus and of those dishonorable interior scenes which are so vividly depicted in the following pages. Greek-letter fraternities, with all their ancestral evils and their method *a la Hohenzollern* of perpetuating the sway of "college families," have been temporarily abolished, the chapter houses in some places having been transformed into "*democratic* eating clubs" or "hospitality houses" with a spirit of true brotherhood radically different from that which prevailed there in times of peace. The illicit views of Adder and Lyon which have likewise defiled the lives of many other students and marred their careers after graduation, are little less than slangy restatements of the "art-form" apophthegms of Nietzsche, The Insane, who claimed that "even concubinage has been corrupted—by marriage" but whose crazy philosophy has been once for all discredited and shall never again influence the morale at American universities, where students will soon be *taught* the sacredness of sex.

Then why has *The Ice Lens* been republished? As a picture of university life of *today* it is the very "bosh and nonsense" which the critics falsely called it when it first appeared. Not the slightest effort has been made to touch it up so as to make it appear "mod-

ern." It remains a true and faithful picture of academic life *before the war*. And yet all those defects, which seem to have been destroyed, may creep back again into the democratic reconstruction of higher education after the present compulsory military régime will have been discarded as it gradually must, now that it has served its temporal purpose. In the last chapter of Henri Barbusse's masterpiece *Under Fire*, one of the soldiers, reflecting over the awful slaughter and misery through which they have passed, remarks somewhat happily, "We're forgetting-machines. Men are things that think a little but chiefly forget." And another soldier exclaims: "Then neither the other side nor us'll remember! So much misery all wasted!" To which a third replies, "If we remembered, there wouldn't be any more war." This explains the new edition of *The Ice Lens*; it has been republished to help us *remember*.

G. F. G.

Sewickley, Pennsylvania,
November 11th, 1918.

THE ICE LENS

"It is possible to make from ice a lens which will project images with sufficient magnification to show clearly many a defect unobserved in the original by the ordinary eye. Rays of sunlight, passing through this lens, can be so focused as to kindle a fire,—a fire which may destroy all the defects,—although the lens itself is left unmelted and whole."

—JOHN TEMPLETON, ACT I.

THE CHARACTERS

JOHN TEMPLETON.

ERNEST METCALF.

REGINALD BUCKINGHAM ADDER.

CHAUNCEY EVERIT DEPEYSTER.

RALPH LYON.

JEFFERSON LYON.

JEANETTE LYON.

MRS. DEARBORN HUNTER.

MRS. LYON.

JUPITER, *a sweep.*

GUSTY, *a barber.*

GILES, *a bill-collector.*

MORRIS, *a butler.*

TWO CHILDREN.

STUDENTS AND TOWNSPEOPLE.

The action of the play takes place in and near a typical American college-town a few years before the pressure of the Great World War directly accomplished the necessary and fundamental changes in American university life which were foreshadowed by the play itself.

"To awake in man and to raise the sense of worth, to educate his feeling and judgment so that he shall scorn himself for a bad action, that is the only aim."

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

"BRIGHT COLLEGE YEARS"

(LAST VERSE)

*In after-life, should troubles rise,
To cloud the blue of sunny skies
How bright will seem thro' memory's haze
The happy, golden, by-gone days!
Oh! Let us strive that ever we
May let these words our watch-cry be,
Where'er upon life's sea we sail;
"For God, for Country, and for Yale."*

—HENRY STEWART DURAND.

"If there is ground for public criticism of individuals or of an institution, the criticism should be made in an open and manly way."

—HENRY PARKS WRIGHT,
Dean of Yale College, 1884-1909.

ACT I

(The lens is focused.)

ACT I

The scene shows the interior of a college fraternity dormitory, the time being Wednesday evening after a home victory on the football field. The stage is divided into two parts, each presenting a picture in deep contrast with the other.

The larger room on the left is the study of Adder and his roommate DePeyster. The prevailing atmosphere is that of the well-known "student's sanctum," save that the "suspicious" articles have been temporarily stowed away. Each square foot of wall space is covered by a brilliantly colored pennant, a witty motto or a flashy poster. In the foreground, against the right wall, stands a couch piled high with pillows of every description. Directly opposite, on the left, is an open fireplace filled with blazing logs. A bust of Shakespeare and several loving-cups adorn the mantelpiece over the fire. An exceptionally comfortable-looking Morris chair has been placed invitingly before the hearth. A small door, on the far side of the mantelpiece, opens into an adjoining sleeping-chamber. A similar door, in view on the wall at the far side of the couch, gives access to a clothes-closet. A pair of larger doors in the rear of the room connect with a hallway. To the right of these doors, a bookcase filled mostly with magazines; to the left, a graphophone with the usual conspicuously large horn. One enormous dark-blue banner, bearing the inscription FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR YALE in white lettering, hangs above the graphophone and immediately attracts the eye. The only window in the room is between this banner and the bedroom door; it is rather large and offers an unobstructed view of the

street. In addition to several lights on the walls, a large dome hangs in the center of the room directly over a flat-top desk, on which, among other articles, are a telephone, a large silver picture frame and a tobacco jar. A wastebasket stands to the right of the desk. There are several folding chairs placed here and there for the occasion—a reception in honor of the football victory.

Noticeably in the foreground, seated on one corner of the couch and toying with a pillow, is the ever-popular Jeanette Lyon, surrounded by all the young men in the room—some standing, some squatting on the floor, and Adder himself sitting on the couch beside her. Mrs. Dearborn Hunter occupies the Morris chair and is being entertained by DePeyster, who poses between her and the fire. Mr. and Mrs. Lyon are also among the guests, and there are several other girls who, owing to Jeanette's popularity, must content themselves with the conversation of the chaperons and the older married men.

Mr. Adder is a handsome, dashing, care-free young man of elegant physique, with a malicious twinkle in his eye. Let it suffice to say that DePeyster is a typical ass—in looks, in actions, in talk, in everything; he is lost in a gray suit many sizes too large, whereas all the other men are in formal evening dress. Jeanette Lyon is a rather pretty girl, exquisitely gowned; she is somewhat frivolous but not bold. Mrs. Hunter is easily judged by the immodest gown which serves to exaggerate her unwieldy dimensions. These personal remarks are added to complete the picture. The characters in the background may be studied to better advantage in the later scenes in which they figure more prominently.

The smaller room on the right of the stage is John Templeton's retreat. It is simply but neatly furnished. His bed stands against the right wall before a white-curtained window. Entrance to his room from the

hallway is made through a door in the left wall. To the right of this door, a chiffonier with a mirror and a candlestick; to the left, a bookrack with numerous volumes. There is a desk in the center of the room, a desk chair in front of it, a larger lounging-chair to the right and a wastebasket to the left. There is one electric light on the wall between the door and the chiffonier; a gas-lamp stands on the desk. As to pictures, they are few in number but refined in subject—framed prints of classical paintings including Da Vinci's "Mona Lisa," which hangs over the bookrack. The Ninety-first Psalm is seen at the head of the bed. The absence of glary decorations and the emptiness of the walls produce an air of freedom rather than an atmosphere of poverty. The room all in all suggests order, learning, piety and, above all, a beautiful and impressive solitude, which reaches us quite perceptibly in spite of the babble and clatter on the other side of the wall.

Templeton, in a lounging-robe, sits writing at his desk.

MRS. HUNTER—(*glancing in the direction of the couch*) Isn't it nice to be popular like Miss Jeanette? All the young men swarm about her like bees around the honeysuckle. I held the same position in this town when I was a girl. The students used to call me *la belle charmeuse*, and many were the sirens I put to mourning entirely without effort and absolutely without intention. (*She sways her fan languidly.*) Of course I was some thinner then.

DEPEYSTER—(*with his usual affectation*) Presumably the picket-fence variety of femininity had not yet introduced her meager dimensions into the realm of fashion.

MRS. HUNTER—(*with a sigh*) Dear me! To be popular nowadays, one must be painfully slender; nobody loves the fat woman.

DEPEYSTER—Lament not! There are still some of us

who take a great fancy to her jolly good nature, finding ourselves quite indifferent to her corpulent superfluity.

MRS. HUNTER—(*with elation*) Oh, Mr. DePeyster, you are very kind; I do so much appreciate your sympathy.

DEPEYSTER—Forsooth, I see nothing *extraordinaire* in this Miss Lyon.

MRS. HUNTER—The reason is obvious: you have more brain than the ordinary youth. Darwin tells us that, among the Hottentots, obesity in woman is considered first in the estimation of her beauty; and the Hottentots, as you well know, are a very intellectual race.

DEPEYSTER—Yes indeed. Wasn't it frightful how they were massacred in Paris on Saint Bartholomew's Day!

MRS. HUNTER—What a perfectly wonderful head you must have to remember it all! One could scarcely expect you to be interested in a girl like Jeanette; she is so shallow. It is only natural that you seek the more mature and learned woman, and if you can arrange it I shall be only too glad to have you spend some of your long winter evenings with me. You will not have to suffer the agony of the ordinary magpie who pretends to know so much but hasn't read a single line from the Greek plays of Erysipelas.

DEPEYSTER—I accept your invitation with keen delight. (*Jupiter appears at the rear door in the garb of a waiter.*)

JUPITER—Refreshments are served in the billiard room.

DEPEYSTER—Let me escort you to the table.

MRS. HUNTER—(*rising*) Oh, Mr. DePeyster, you are so gallant.

(*DePeyster, with Mrs. Hunter hanging on his arm and gazing up into his eyes, leads the procession into the billiard room. All the other guests follow with the exception of Jeanette and her admirers. They, so deeply enwrapped in worshipping their idol, have failed to hear the dinner-call.*)

JEANETTE—(*rising and finding herself the only girl in*

the room) Oh! am I all alone with you men? How extremely unladylike! My chaperon needs reprimanding.

ALL—*(in unison)* May I take you to dinner, Miss Lyon?

JEANETTE—Dear me, it's rather perplexing to decide. Let us settle it this way: I shall accept him who gives the best answer to my question.

ALL—Let's have it.

JEANETTE—Why is it you all give your attention to me alone when I tell you I would much rather you would give it to the other girls?

ADDER—*(quickly)* Because you are Lyon.

(Strains of music float from the billiard room. Jeanette takes Adder's arm, and they waltz out through the door. The others follow in defeat.)

Templeton, after a while, takes up some loose sheets of paper from his desk and walks about the room glancing them over. We see his face for the first time, and we see that it is strongly moral—the face of a man, young in years but mature in character, who has suffered in secret for his fellowmen—suffered both from a thorough and painful study of their conduct and from a restless longing for their amelioration. We are not immediately fascinated by any quality in him corresponding to the almost audacious but seemingly admirable manner exhibited by Adder, and yet there is a certain charm to his Christian personality, which gradually grows upon us and holds our attention to his every move and utterance. He returns to his desk, takes up his pen, and makes a correction on his manuscript.

The music ceases, and considerable applause comes from the direction of the billiard room. In the midst of it, Ralph Lyon enters Templeton's room without knocking. Now that he is separated from the crowd we observe him more closely. His face, although strongly reminiscent of fine features, seems to be marked indelibly with

the stamp of dissipation; and yet there is something about it which at least suggests the dormant existence of a better self. In contrast with the face of Templeton, it appears somewhat fiendish at times.)

LYON—Pardon me. You don't mind my stepping in here a moment, do you?

TEMPLETON—*(laying down his pen and paper)* Not at all; you are quite welcome indeed.

LYON—I am hunting a room free of chatter. These dinners, where they serve one with a lettuce leaf between two sheets of bread and an olive on a toothpick, are too delicate for me. I came here to get at something more substantial. *(He removes a flask from his hip pocket and offers it to Templeton.)* Have a taste?

TEMPLETON—*(politely)* No, thank you.

LYON—*(slightly disappointed)* How's that?

TEMPLETON—I don't happen to indulge.

LYON—You don't realize what you're missing, young man. *(He drinks, and then smacks his lips.)* Great stuff that! *(He returns the bottle to his pocket, glances about the room, and then holds out an open cigar case.)* Smoke?

TEMPLETON—Thank you very much, but I really don't use them. Let me offer you a match. *(He passes him the matchbox on his desk.)*

LYON—*(incredibly)* No drink! No smoke! What kind of man are you? *(He takes a match, strikes it, lights his cigar, and sits in the large chair preparing for a comfortable smoke.)* Judging from the Ninety-first Psalm over your bed, I should guess you were a Sunday-school teacher.

TEMPLETON—*(sitting in the desk chair)* Am I so good looking as all that?

LYON—How does it come you are not taking part in the reception tonight? You're a member of this fraternity—aren't you?

TEMPLETON—I carry its fellow-members—but not its

Greek letters—next to my heart. (*then humbly*) I am merely a proctor here.

LYON—Oh, I understand; that is, you are here to condemn the boys if they come in at night with a drink or so too many.

TEMPLETON—I am here not to condemn them but to save them.

LYON—To save them from what?

TEMPLETON—From evil.

LYON—You call that evil, do you?

TEMPLETON—All excess is evil. I notice you say: "a drink or so too many."

LYON—Well, I suppose they find it hard to stop when it tastes best.

TEMPLETON—Yes; it would be a great thing if we could master our desires. But there are always some poor unfortunate ones who stubbornly refuse to reason.

LYON—Fools, eh?

TEMPLETON—One could scarcely call them wise men.

LYON—(*fluently*) Decidedly. To sit down and drink until your head goes round as merrily as the good old world itself, leaving all cares a mile behind—that's wisdom; and to have a pal whose capacity is exactly one glass more than he actually takes, a pal who is just about able to see you home—that's brotherhood.

TEMPLETON—A queer kind of brotherhood indeed where we associate with a man to share his senselessness rather than to reform him. This is not the true brotherhood of Christianity.

LYON—(*holding up his hand*) Don't ring in religion! The separation of the real men from the solemn saints is the one great advantage of a college fraternity. We can't expect our sons to associate with grinds and angels. They must have recreation—not study. When we've got money we don't need brain; when we've got money and brain, it's

selfish as well as foolish to use both. So we keep the money and the pleasure, and donate to the Poor the exclusive right to brain and work.

TEMPLETON—Without work there can be no pleasure—no real pleasure—no lasting pleasure; and there is more of that in the mere thought that we are doing some good for humanity—or even for ourselves—than there is in a whole cellarful of the rarest wine.

LYON—(*removing the ashes from his cigar*) I have a son—Jefferson—who tries to live up to that principle. He doesn't drink; he doesn't smoke; he turns away from men who do. He walks over my money as though it were mud. His one and only interest is missionary work. In fact he reminds me a lot of you,—and I think he's a hell of a man.

TEMPLETON—(*calmly*) He is *your* son.

LYON—The Lord only knows he doesn't inherit it from me. When I was his age I was next to everything worth while. I knew and practiced every known pleasure. I was what my classmates called a "heller."

TEMPLETON—How fortunate then that you should be favored with such a son!

LYON—Fortunate! Ha, he's the laughing-stock of the town; his interest in missionary work, and that only, has made him so one-sided that he can't walk straight; and constant study has reduced his face to the inside of an oyster shell.

TEMPLETON—And you believe this is due to application and learning?

LYON—Yes; deep study is bound to change a man's face.

TEMPLETON—Bound to improve it. Have you ever thought that perhaps your son came into the world fated with a deformed face and body? Those pleasures you had in your youth had to be paid for in some way. Nature always squares up her accounts, and usually the next generation has to suffer.

LYON—Nonsense! That's a footless theory. If Jefferson would take a drink now and then and go out with the other fellows on their larks to have his blood warmed up, he would be a different boy.

TEMPLETON—He may inherit that appetite; it may develop only too soon.

LYON—Not too soon for me.

TEMPLETON—And suppose he should fall victim to such habits. Then what?

LYON—Then he will have pleased his father.

TEMPLETON—Pleasing our parents by merely re-living their lives is such a narrow mission—in particular, when we are offered a nobler one.

LYON—But he owes it to his father.

TEMPLETON—He owes his life—his all—to *our Father*, and it is He whom the son shall please. It is His character we should strive to repeat.

LYON—(*mildly sarcastic*) Yes; that all sounds very nice, but it is we earthly parents who are bothered with the child until it reaches maturity.

TEMPLETON—That is the parental duty.

LYON—And the child should repay it.

TEMPLETON—Yes; to its own offspring. The world moves forward—not backward.

LYON—Then what's the use of having children?

TEMPLETON—It is not always the parents who wish them. Sometimes God sends them when they are not wanted, but they never come without a purpose which the parent will realize in time.

LYON—A purpose which is of no benefit to the parent.

TEMPLETON—Always, but perhaps indirectly. My dear man, children are born into the world, not into families. This world needs all kinds of men. We have to get here some way; our parents are simply the mediums through which we come. There is no choice in the matter; the

sinner may beget the saint. After all, we are God's children, and as soon as we are strong enough to leave the mother's wing we should fly out into His heaven and do the work for which we have been created.

LYON—But think of it! a missionary!

TEMPLETON—The noblest ambition of all.

LYON—Ambition! I call that a rut.

TEMPLETON—They are one and the same thing. We all have to do something, and that something becomes our ambition—our rut. There is a road to salvation and a road to ruin. You will find ruts in both of them. It is no harm if our wheels get into these ruts; the only question is: "Are we on the right road?"

LYON—What good is the right road if we stick there and rot?

TEMPLETON—Beautiful flowers spring out of the mold to illuminate the way for others.

LYON—(*rising abruptly*) Hell! You're too damned poetic for me. If we should argue all night, I would still uphold that Jefferson is not the boy he ought to be, and that's why I put him in college. If I should ever offer a prayer, it would be that the other boys might lay hold on him and turn him into a man. I don't care what means they employ to do it. What he needs is goodfellowship, wine and—woman.

TEMPLETON—And you consider the promotion of these things the first purpose of a college?

LYON—Decidedly. What should it be? a workhouse?

TEMPLETON—A place of learning where we might acquire understanding and the higher Christian fellowship to prepare ourselves for service to God and His people.

LYON—You've got it worse than Jefferson. I thought I had him located in a house free from this infernal religious influence, but Holy Jerusalem! if here *ain't* St. Peter himself.

TEMPLETON—Your son will not be influenced by me. He is under the influence of a Power which is more than human. Perhaps you will understand me better if I say he has been summoned by the Almighty Shepherd to rescue a lamb which has strayed from His fold.

LYON—(*with a sneer*) A lamb! Ha, ha,—you preachers are so damned considerate. Why don't you say outright what you mean? Instead of a lamb, call me a black sheep and be done with it.

TEMPLETON—The sheep only appears black from the darkness in which it walks. But it shall be cleansed and made white again. God has sent you one of those unwelcome children for the purpose of saving the soul of its own beloved father. The child has not taken up its cross in vain, for mark you! that father will soon open his eyes to the truth.

(*Ralph Lyon chuckles demoniacally and walks away. Before leaving the room he casts a scornful glance at Templeton, exhales a cloud of smoke from his cigar, and then closes the door with a slam.*

Templeton returns calmly to his work on the desk.

Jeanette Lyon, holding a plate and a napkin, enters Adder's room. He, likewise provided, follows her.)

ADDER—At last I have you alone.

JEANETTE—(*jumping on the desk, spreading the napkin across her knee, and nibbling at the food on her plate*) And it is such a relief too. Dear me; it's almost a bore to be admired by so many. Now there's Mr. Brown; he said he was wild about me. Then Mr. Miller came along and said he was mad about me. And so on during the whole evening. Mr. Taylor said he was crazy; Mr. Wallace said he was daffy; Mr. Morton said he was dippy; Mr. Le Grand said he was simply sick. Now; what in the world are you?

ADDER—I've passed through all those stages long ago, and now I'm dead—dead in love with you, Jeanette.

JEANETTE—Well, you win the prize.

ADDER—What is it?

JEANETTE—(*passing him her plate*) My lobster salad. I don't like it.

ADDER—(*placing both plates on the desk*) Jeanette, I have never seen you look more beautiful than you do tonight!

JEANETTE—Be more explicit, Reginald.

(*It must be frankly admitted that Jeanette Lyon is lovely to look upon. If there is a genuine and sensible soul under all her external finery, then, in this scene at least, her vainglory likewise prevents us from seeing it.*)

ADDER—Your eyes are like two glittering stars in a celestial countenance.

JEANETTE—Your language is perfectly angelic. Say some more—quick.

ADDER—Your cheeks are like the crimson glow on a woodland rose at sundown.

JEANETTE—That's immense. Go on.

ADDER—Your voice is like the song of a thrush in the early springtime.

JEANETTE—Exquisite! Exquisite! and my hair?

ADDER—Like golden-brown leaves aflame with the mellow sunlight of a dreamy October day.

JEANETTE—(*clapping her hands*) Glorious! and my new gown?

ADDER—A lacework of dewdrops clinging to the stem of a lily.

JEANETTE—Wonderful! Magnificent! (*She swings herself about in ecstasy on the top of the desk, and then the expression on her face changes very suddenly.*) I have sat in the mayonnaise; I know it. (*She jumps from the desk.*) Please examine me.

ADDER—(*standing behind her*) Oh! it has ruined your gown.

JEANETTE—(*turning about on her heel, throwing her*

arms around his neck, and exposing the enormous grease spot) I don't care as long as you love me.

ADDER—(*with his arms about her waist*) Jeanette!

JEANETTE—You make me tingle all over with happiness.

ADDER—(*removing a ring from his finger and placing it on hers*) And here's more of it.

JEANETTE—My engagement ring! Oh! isn't it a beauty!

ADDER—You shall have everything that money can buy. As I sit at my work with your picture before me (*He takes up the silver frame from the desk.*) here in the frame you gave me at Christmas time, I plan for the happy future I am going to provide for you. We shall live for months in the capitals of Europe; we shall have our summer villa on the shore of the Mediterranean; we shall visit Paris every season to renew your wardrobe; we shall be the guests of royalty. Your name shall head the society column of every fashionable paper; other women will look up to you in deep envy, while you, smiling with majestic scorn and frigid indifference, can ignore them one and all.

JEANETTE—(*repeating her embrace*) You darling, darling fellow!

(*Mrs. Lyon enters the room. She is attired for her carriage and holds Jeanette's cape over her arm. It will take us but a short time to perceive that she is not the type of woman we would anticipate as the wife of Ralph Lyon. On hearing her speak, Jeanette and Adder quickly separate.*)

MRS. LYON—Jeanette dear, I think we will have to be going now.

JEANETTE—So soon.

MRS. LYON—Your father ordered the car for ten o'clock; he seems to have forgotten about it. Perhaps Mr. Adder will find him for us and tell him the car is ready.

ADDER—(*placing the picture frame on the desk, and then leaving the room*) Gladly, Mrs. Lyon.

MRS. LYON—You were ready to leave—were you not, dear?

JEANETTE—I am never ready to leave Reginald; he is so wonderful.

MRS. LYON—Yes, dear; all these men seem wonderful to us at first. We women lose our heads over them so easily. We should be more careful about allowing ourselves to become so intimate with them.

JEANETTE—Why this little sermon?

MRS. LYON—I chanced to see you in Mr. Adder's arms.

JEANETTE—What of that? I am already engaged to him.

MRS. LYON—(*bewildered*) Engaged!

JEANETTE—Yes; he gave me the ring tonight. (*She holds out her hand.*) See what a beauty it is!

MRS. LYON—(*pressing her daughter's hand*) I do not wish to make you feel unhappy, dear, but I believe this affair has ripened too quickly; it almost seems as though this ring has been picked up by accident in the street.

JEANETTE—(*withdrawing her hand*) How absurd you are!

MRS. LYON—It is only for your own happiness, Jeanette, that I express my opinion.

JEANETTE—You needn't bother about it in the least. Father and I have planned it all, and he has thoroughly investigated the matter of Mr. Adder's character and finds it absolutely faultless.

MRS. LYON—I am glad to hear it, dear, but I thought a mother, with her experience, should stand closer to her daughter in a case like this. Girls are so apt to act thoughtlessly and mistake some luring disguise for true love. I have often wished my mother had been living when such things troubled my youthful mind.

JEANETTE—Things have changed since then, and anyhow—Reginald is so perfectly wonderful.

(Adder and Lyon enter the door, the latter with his hat and gloves. Jeanette rushes forward to meet her father, displaying the ring.)

Look, Dad. The ring! The ring! I know it will make you just as happy as me.

LYON—*(caressing her)* Happy that my little girl is getting such an admirable and manly husband. *(He takes Jeanette's hand in one of his, and Adder's in the other. Then bringing them together, he adds the usual:)* God bless you, my children.

MRS. LYON—*(trying to conceal a certain sadness)* Come along, Ralph; they've been holding hands all evening.

(Mrs. Lyon throws the cape over Jeanette's shoulders, and leaves the room. The others follow. The guests are seen nodding their "Good-byes" in the hallway. Mrs. Hunter, in a black velvet cloak, steps into Adder's room with DePeyster trailing after her like a pet dog.)

MRS. HUNTER—I must gaze again upon the spot where first I met you; never have I known a more remarkable man.

DEPEYSTER—You really mean it, Mrs. Hunter?

MRS. HUNTER—Yes, indeed. I was once a student in Phrenology, and believe me, Mr. DePeyster, I have never seen a more nobly shaped head. Your very ears are symbolic of supernatural intelligence; your mouth is expressive of determination, conscientiousness and individuality; your nose typifies benevolence, and your eyes are filled with the fire of love and passion. In fact, your entire physique is perfection personified.

DEPEYSTER—You are the first woman to observe it in me.

MRS. HUNTER—Not every one can see it, Mr. DePeyster. In order to see the great in you, one must forget all other men, and so few of us have that power of concen-

tration. I have acquired it only after years of mental labor, and believe me, Mr. DePeyster, I can think of you and at the same time have nothing on my mind.

DEPEYSTER—It is a great honor to have had so marvelous a woman at our reception. I hope you have enjoyed yourself.

MRS. HUNTER—Alas! I never enjoy myself—but I have enjoyed you. Do come to see me often. Mr. Hunter will probably irritate you just as he does me, but we shall arrange it this way: Call us up on the 'phone. If Mr. Hunter answers—well, just say you're the fishman. Then I'll come to the receiver. If I order bluefish—that will mean Mr. Hunter is *not* going to the Club. If I order lobster—that's you. Understand?

DEPEYSTER—Perfectly.

MRS. HUNTER—Good night, Mr.—may I call you Chauncey?

DEPEYSTER—'Twould be a pleasure. Let me see you to your carriage.

MRS. HUNTER—Oh, Mr. DePeyster, you are so gallant. *(She offers him her arm, and they strut out of the room.*

Adder returns. He lights a cigarette, and walks up and down the floor, finally stopping at the desk and taking up the silver picture frame. While he is gazing at the picture, Jupiter enters to gather up the plates and napkins.)

JUPITER—*(looking over Adder's shoulder)* She suttanly am a regulaar little queen, Mr. Adder—dee most fascinatinest gal at dis here reception.

ADDER—I know what you're talking for, Jupiter. *(He reaches into his pocket, and hands him a bill.)* Here's for working overtime.

JUPITER—Thank you, sah. Thank you, sah.

(Jupiter walks toward the door, and, still glancing back at Adder, he naturally collides with DePeyster who is just returning.)

DEPEYSTER—Confound you, Jupiter; why don't you watch where you're going? You splattered that salad all over me—this is a clever mess, you silly ape.

JUPITER—(*using the napkin*) Sorry, Mr. DePeyster; very sorry.

DEPEYSTER—Sorry be hanged! It wouldn't be so bad if it were *my* suit. Run along; you annoy me. (*Jupiter vanishes.*) Poor Jupiter! he's such an ass. Well, Addy dear, we must congratulate ourselves on the success of our reception. I sure did cut a swell in your clothes. Mrs. Hunter thought I was a dream.

ADDER—(*still gazing at the picture*) Yes; she *must* have been asleep to think that.

DEPEYSTER—Well, Addy dear, I know it doesn't fit me so very well—but what was I to do? *My* suit was at the pressers; they forgot to return it. I was really in a great dilemma—didn't know what to put on. But as I sat in profound meditation, the door bell vibrated—it was the errand boy with *your* new suit. So I just slipped into it. I knew it was scarcely the proper thing to wear, but it at least helped me to look conspicuous. I have so few idiosyncrasies, you know, that I must seek very ingenious devices for attracting attention.

ADDER—Well, you sure did it to-night, Chaunce. Miss Lyon told me you looked like a flat tire.

DEPEYSTER—Yes; she punctured my feelings with the same remark. Of course I didn't care to have her know I was wearing *your* clothes, and yet I knew she might see you in them sooner or later. So I explained matters by saying that *my* tailor had made a botch of his job and that I was going to sell *you* the garments at half price. Aren't I the clever liar, Addy dear?

ADDER—Damn clever; you should have been a lawyer. Consider yourself as having won your first suit.

DEPEYSTER—I say, Addy, have you another cigarette?

ADDER—No.

DEPEYSTER—Never mind; this one will do. (*He removes the cigarette from Adder's mouth and begins smoking it himself.*)

ADDER—(*still holding the picture frame*) What do you think of Miss Lyon, Chauncey?

DEPEYSTER—(*blowing the smoke from one corner of his distorted mouth*) She's just a mediocre girl; her face is very much against her.

ADDER—Against her?

DEPEYSTER—(*covering his face with his open hand*) Yes; flat. I prefer the plumper variety—Mrs. Hunter for example.

ADDER—Mrs. Hunter! she's a regular old parrot.

DEPEYSTER—Well, I don't exactly know what species, but I must admit she is a bird. I've made a date with her for the opera. Brilliant woman!

ADDER—Well, there's this objection to Jeanette: she's too damn refined. These educated girls are all right for the mother of a man's children, but for the instrument of his pleasure—it takes a girl like Lulu to deliver the goods.

DEPEYSTER—Who in the devil is Lulu?

ADDER—(*placing the frame on the desk and then closing the door*) Just met her last night for the first time. She's in town with the Mermaid Burlesquers, and does a dance in the last act that is certainly the cream of the season. (*He unlocks the desk drawer and produces a photograph.*) There; feast your eyes.

DEPEYSTER—(*with a whistle*) Hasn't she the peach-erino of a figure!

ADDER—And you ought to see it wiggle in the spot light.

DEPEYSTER—Wiggle! Say *oscillate*—it doesn't sound so vulgar.

ADDER—Chaunce, old boy, she just steps out on the stage in that costume, and it brings down the whole house.

DEPEYSTER—Sure enough! she has a costume on; I hadn't noticed it.

ADDER—Just see how it fits her developments.

DEPEYSTER—Ah! it's a blessing to be perfect. Mrs. Hunter was raving over *my* face and figure.

ADDER—Yes; they are enough to make anybody rave.

DEPEYSTER—I say, Addy dear, has Lulu any other accomplishments aside from mere physical charm?

ADDER—Yes; she can drink like a fish. (*He produces an empty champagne bottle from the drawer.*) We emptied three of these last night. I kept this one for sweet recollections. See there; she has scratched her name across the neck with her diamond ring. She gave me that ring, and I gave her mine, and the joke of it all is that I handed hers over to Jeanette to-night in final settlement of our engagement.

DEPEYSTER—Lord! if Jeanette knew that?

ADDER—(*tapping on the bottle*) Mum's the word. You see, Chaunce, old boy, after all, a fellow's really got to have two girls—one for week days and one for Sunday. Jeanette's my Sunday girl—my angel; Lulu's my little devil. Just look at her eyes! Compare the two faces: Lulu's has the dash and brilliancy of a brass band; Jeanette's is like the sweet strain of a violin slightly out of tune.

DEPEYSTER—I told you it was flat.

ADDER—(*holding up the two pictures, one in each hand*) Jeanette and Lulu—sarsaparilla and absinthe. When I take dinner with Jeanette, it's dry.

DEPEYSTER—And when you take it with Lulu?

ADDER—It's extra dry. I tell you, Chaunce, she's irresistible; I'd follow her through fire.

DEPEYSTER—You probably will.

ADDER—(*taking another picture from the drawer*)

Here's another one; a three-quarter view. But I prefer her full.

DEPEYSTER—(*holding the second photograph*) Scanty costume seems to be her long suit.

ADDER—She told me her manager thought the public wouldn't stand for that one. So she added more to it by putting another plume in the hat.

DEPEYSTER—Hasn't she the pretty elbows? They annoy me. I say, Addy dear, we must tack these up somewhere in the room.

ADDER—From now on, this one goes in Jeanette's frame every day but Sunday. (*He removes Jeanette's picture, puts it away in the drawer, and places Lulu's in the silver frame.*)

DEPEYSTER—And the other one?

ADDER—On the mantelpiece with the rest of our trophies. Where are they? To hell with these receptions where you have to turn your room into a Sunday school! Bring out the decorations, and make things look like home. You get Fatima; she's behind my bed.

(*DePeyster trots into the bedroom. Adder begins to whistle a merry tune; he opens the closet door and drags out a large box filled with empty bottles, steins, etc. He carries it across the room to the fireplace.*)

ADDER—(*taking up one of the empty bottles*) King William! yum, yum. He who drinks whiskey shakes beer. (*To make room for the bottle he knocks the bust of Shakespeare from the mantelpiece, sending it to the hearth in pieces.*) That's such a stale joke. (*He picks up the remains of the cast.*) I'm sorry I cracked it. (*He throws the pieces into the fire.*) Proved at last: Shakespeare is Bacon. (*With one sweep of his arm he clears the mantelpiece of the remaining articles and sends them to the floor. He then reads the inscriptions on the labels of the various bottles as he places them on the shelf.*) Monday night—October 4th.—with "Bud" Taylor, "Bunnie" Miller and "Jack" Allison.

(*He takes a third bottle from the box.*) Oct. 5th.—same bunch. (*a fourth bottle*) Oct. 6th. (*a fifth bottle*) Oct. 7th. (*a sixth bottle*) Oct. 9th.—How's that? One missing. (*He scratches his head.*) Oh yes; that's the night we had the keg. (*He runs to the couch and rolls a keg from underneath. He carries it on his shoulder and places it on one corner of the mantelpiece, putting steins and glasses on top of it. Then he stands off to get a good view of the entire display.*) Gala Week at the beginning of the Fall term.

(*DePeyster enters, carrying a large oil painting of a nude woman in a reclining position. He stands on the couch and hangs the picture above it at a careless angle.*)

ADDER—She must hang straight, Chaunce, or the blood will run to her head, and we don't want her to get cold feet. (*DePeyster straightens the picture.*) There, that's better. Now get Psyche; I rolled her under your bed.

(*DePeyster makes a second trip to the bedroom. Adder takes a large KEEP OFF THE GRASS sign and hangs it directly below the painting. He tacks suggestive posters on the backs of all the doors. Then, returning to his supply box, he gets hundreds of empty cigarette boxes strung on twine. He puts them up like festoons reaching from the dome to each corner of the room. DePeyster enters, carrying affectionately in his arms a life-sized marble statue of Psyche. He stands her in the center of the floor in front of the desk. Adder and DePeyster each take one of her arms, and, striking a majestic pose, they shout: "God Bless Our Home."*)

ADDER—(*glancing about the room*) Now that looks more like it—but I almost forgot the finishing touches. (*He produces a pair of pink stockings from the desk drawer and hangs them up on either side of the dome.*)

DEPEYSTER—Lulu's, I suppose?

ADDER—Sure thing!

DEPEYSTER—Oh dear, how they annoy me! I say,

Addy, I must have an introduction to this little Venus of yours. What 'o you say we go to the show to-night, and then take her down to the "Pink Pigeon?" I could be a sort of chaperon. All I'd care for would be to pat her once or twice on the elbow. Those dear little elbows! How they annoy me!

ADDER—Nothing doing in that line to-night, Chaunce.

DEPEYSTER—You mean the mermaids have swum out of town?

ADDER—No; they are making their last splash this evening.

DEPEYSTER—My last chance to see Lulu?

(He gets two overcoats from the closet. He puts on his own—an extreme English cut measuring about six inches across the shoulders and flaring copiously at the bottom. He places a ridiculously small hat on the back of his head. Then he holds out Adder's fur-lined coat to help him on with it.)

DEPEYSTER—Jump in.

ADDER—*(filling his pipe)* Not I, Chaunce.

DEPEYSTER—Stop your bluffing, and come along.

ADDER—Sorry, old man, but I can't—I simply must not go.

DEPEYSTER—What's come over you?

ADDER—*(lighting his pipe)* I've got to study.

DEPEYSTER—Study! the night after the football game—when the whole student body is down town celebrating! What the hell are you givin' me?

ADDER—*(taking a letter from the drawer)* I mean it. Here, read this.

DEPEYSTER—*(solemnly placing Adder's coat on the couch)* Grandmother dead? *(He approaches the desk sadly until he recognizes the envelope.)* A letter from the Registrar! Rats! *(With a swing of his arm he knocks the letter from Adder's hand into the wastebasket.)*

ADDER—I get my last crack at that exam to-morrow, and if I flunk I'm down and out.

DEPEYSTER—Don't let that worry you. Have your old man come up and hot-air to the faculty, or tell him to present the university with a hundred thousand, and they'll let you in again.

ADDER—I've made arrangement with Metcalf to come around and tutor me to-night. He's going to pump enough dope into my belfry to get me through. Don't for a second think I would waste my own gray matter on such tommyrot as long as I can find a shark with his garret for rent. Poor devils! their heads are so crammed full of this nonsense they call knowledge that their tongues hang out for money. But then we rich must have our servants; the good Lord has even provided us with men to do our thinking.

DEPEYSTER—If the possession of wisdom demands the decayed condition of these, then let me live forever in ignorance.

ADDER—As long as they're helping us to bluff our way through we've got to recognize them, but, aside from that, I would just as lief lift my hat to a worm in the gutter. You haven't seen my book anywhere, have you?

DEPEYSTER—I haven't seen a book of any kind for the last month—except "Three Weeks."

ADDER—(*fishing a book out of the wastebasket*) Here it is. Now really, Chaunce, don't let me keep you away from the show if you want to go. (*Then emphatically:*) I am going to study.

(*With equal emphasis, he plants the frame with Lulu's picture before him on the desk. Then he sits down with the book in his hand and the pipe in his mouth; but his eyes are on the photograph.*)

DEPEYSTER—You do look unusual with a book in your hand, Addy dear; a glass of Pilsener becomes you much better. Perhaps it's the pipe that spoils the picture. Let

me see if it wouldn't be more harmonious without it. (*He removes the pipe from Adder's mouth.*) Much better; very much better. (*The pipe finds its way quite naturally to his own mouth.*) I wouldn't think of going to the show alone; I am going to stay right here with you, old pal. (*He removes his coat and hat, throwing them on the couch.*) I'm damn glad to see you taking your studies so seriously, and believe me I wouldn't think of disturbing you.

(*DePeyster starts the graphophone,—a dreamy waltz,—and, taking the statue of Psyche in his arms, he dances noiselessly around the desk two or three times and then throws himself into the Morris chair, puffing out volumes of smoke. There is a short silence, save for the graphophone, when Adder actually appears interested in his book. This silence is broken by DePeyster.*)

DEPEYSTER—It will be hard for me to die and never hear any more of this heavenly music. Of course I won't mind the smoke so much.

(*This remark falls on deaf ears. The graphophone stops playing; there is the familiar "scratching" at the end of the record, but neither of the boys make an effort to stop it. After a while Adder reads aloud.*)

ADDER—(*reading*) A man, six feet tall, is walking away from a lamp-post, ten feet high, at the rate of four miles an hour. How fast is his shadow moving?

DEPEYSTER—The problem is absurd—no man with common sense would walk away from a lamp-post.

(*A band on the street strikes up the Yale football song—"Down the Field." DePeyster rises instantly and throws open the window. The room is filled with cheers, and his face is aglow in the red light from the torches.*)

ADDER—What's that?

DEPEYSTER—The Parade! The fellows are celebrating the football victory; I told you they would. Gee, what a jolly

mob! I say, Addy dear, we can't sit here like two old men with the gout. Put on your old gray bonnet, and we will try that lamp-post problem on the way home.

ADDER—Confound you, Chaunce; put down that window. I've got to stick to this book to-night.

DEPEYSTER—Book be hanged! Have you no loyalty for your team? You're a hell of a sport—you sit here in a brown study while your classmates are painting the town red. It annoys me.

ADDER—Damn you; I can't come. I'll be dropped from college.

DEPEYSTER—Who gives a rap? Jeanette? Well you've still got Lulu, and she'd be prouder of you than ever if you flunked every damned course in the curriculum. It's just 10:30—time for her dance in the last act. She's going through those little movements—everyone in the audience is cheering—the whole house is mad—and now she's looking for you in the front row—her eyes are calling out passionately for you to come. Are you going to say “no”? Like hell you are. Come along; don't be a quitter.

(DePeyster again puts on his overcoat and hat, and executes a lively and sensual dance. The band seems louder; the red fire, brighter; the cheers, more spirited. He snatches one of the pink stockings from the dome, and dangles it before Adder's eyes in tempo with the music. Adder, under great temptation, squirms about in his chair. He finally succumbs, takes up Lulu's picture, covers it with kisses, returns it to the desk, and then dons his hat and overcoat.)

ADDER—You've got me, Chaunce; you've got me, old pal; we're in for one hell of a good time.

(They throw their arms about each other, join in on a loud war cry, and rush to the door. On opening it, they find Metcalf standing on the threshold with a book under his arm.)

DEPEYSTER—(*aside*) Damn!

ADDER—(*politely removing his hat*) Good evening, Mr. Metcalf. I have decided not to tutor to-night. Here's the money for the time I reserved with you. (*He passes him the fee.*) We think it will do us more good to grind out the lesson for ourselves, so we are going over to Dick Thomson's room on the campus to study together. (*to DePeyster*) Don't forget the text book, Chaunce. (*to Metcalf*) Good night, Sir.

(*Adder bows very properly. DePeyster takes the book under his arm, and both boys leave the room, where the lights are left on and the window open. They close the door.*)

(*Templeton has been writing at his desk ever since Lyon left him and closed his door on the scenes which we have witnessed in the meanwhile.*)

TEMPLETON—(*responding to a knock on his door*) Come in.

METCALF—(*entering Templeton's room*) Hello there, Templeton.

TEMPLETON—(*rising*) Why, you are quite a stranger here.

METCALF—(*shaking hands*) I just dropped in to tutor young Adder, but he has decided to work out the lesson with a classmate. They will learn more by it. I would never have believed they could take such a genuine interest in their studies. I'll have a better opinion of them after this. (*At this instant, the text book comes flying in through the open window in Adder's room. There is a prolonged cheer from the street, and then the noise dies away as the parade moves on.*) The students are certainly doing the town up in great shape to-night.

TEMPLETON—If they would show one-half as much enthusiasm in their studies, we would have a wonderful university.

METCALF—There would be no more need for tutors or instructors either, and I'd get my walking papers. But I suppose it was a great game; you can't altogether blame them for feeling their oats. I wish I could be half as happy. *(He lets his book slip from under his arm to the floor, and throws himself despondently into the large chair.)*

TEMPLETON—*(sitting)* Why, what's the matter, Metcalf? You seem low in spirits.

METCALF—*(glancing about the room)* You're a free man; I envy you. You can thank your stars you don't have to clear off the supper table, put on diapers, and wash dishes.

TEMPLETON—Why don't you get a maid?

METCALF—Maid! I'm lucky I have enough money to keep the kids in shoes. Look at that hat. *(He throws his shabby derby on the desk.)* I bought it at the second-hand store for a quarter. I haven't smoked a decent cigar since the youngest arrived, and the only amusement I get is a moving-picture show at the nickelodeon once a month when my salary check comes around.

(It is true that Metcalf's appearance justifies DePeyster's remark on his "decayed condition." It is due, however, mainly to his clothes.)

TEMPLETON—Well surely you didn't go into teaching with the idea of making money? You knew in advance that the pay was poor. Teaching is reserved for the man who has married a bank account.

METCALF—Rats! Ours wasn't a financial deal. I was lonely for a true companion, and I married Kate because I loved her.

TEMPLETON—Yes; that is considered a very common mistake. Nowadays the faculty *teach* for love and marry for *money*.

METCALF—Nowadays the faculty don't *teach* at all. Teaching is entirely out of date; it has been replaced by the "research mania"—a disease where the victim is consumed

by a ravishing desire to produce articles for collecting the dust in our libraries. Write a twenty-page pamphlet which nobody—not even yourself—can or needs to comprehend, and every line of it adds a dollar to your salary. But put your effort on teaching something that everyone can and should understand, and you're a disgrace to your university.

TEMPLETON—Come, come, it is not so bad as all that. There is nothing disgraceful about a small income.

METCALF—It is not only income; it is recognition. We teachers who are trying to rescue the multitude from a sea of ignorance are looked down upon by these research gods whom the university places on pedestals, and for whom they erect million-dollar temples in which to hatch their butterfly eggs. Let us be frank; now who is the greater benefactor? the man who goes on investigating either something footless or something superintellectual (there's not much difference between them) or the man who imparts to humanity those things which have already been discovered and found useful?

TEMPLETON—Of course you can not deny the nobleness of experiments resulting in the general welfare and progress of the race.

METCALF—Decidedly not. But what has the world gained through the discovery that there are always two million and one hairs on a cat's tail, or that Shakespeare never ate mutton? Rot! What the world needs to know is that two and two make four, and it should be the office of a college to provide with a respectable income those men who are teaching it. The American public always has been an easy mark: they believe that the money they pay out as tuition for their sons at college procures for them the best possible educators. They are not aware of the fact that Old Tiddledewinks, for example, who lectures to one solitary disciple on some highfalutin meander of his lopsided mind sits there and rakes in his five thousand a year, while

the man who hands out common-sense to over a hundred of their sons doesn't draw the salary of a New York policeman.

TEMPLETON—Don't consider it an injustice until you consider other things aside from money. It is not what we get out of this world; it is what we do to improve it that counts.

METCALF—That counts for what?

TEMPLETON—That counts toward the greatest of all possessions—happiness. Aren't you improving mankind by your teaching, and aren't you rewarded happily for doing it? If you think these more highly paid souls are happy, you are much mistaken. There they sit surrendering their whole lives, deciphering the yellow wormy pages of some Hebrew manuscript, fondling the dead bones of some prehistoric skeleton, inhaling the offensive fumes of virulent chemicals, and alternately exciting their thirst for worldly fame with stimulants, then quenching it with deadly narcotics. Be merciful; don't begrudge them their salary. It is all they have to console them in their miserable solitude. (*He rises and pats Metcalf firmly on the shoulder.*) Wake up, Metcalf; get down on your knees, and thank God you have a home that rings with children's laughter.

METCALF—But the children must be fed?

TEMPLETON—Give them lots of fresh air and a banana now and then; they'll grow.

METCALF—It is easy enough for *you* to look at the bright side of things.

TEMPLETON—It is easy enough for anyone. All we have to do is to turn the dark side away.

METCALF—That's more easily said than done.

TEMPLETON—Then look for an instant at something darker, and you will soon find that your own isn't so black after all. Think of the coal digger who descends with his whole family into a mine, and never gets a glimpse of daylight.

METCALF—(*rising quickly to take Templeton's hand in both of his own*) That has made me feel happier than I have felt in a long while.

TEMPLETON—That's the proper spirit. The life of a married man with a modest income and a healthy family isn't so gloomy after all, is it? Perhaps you did marry too soon. Yet who knows but that you avoided a greater mistake by doing so. Thank God the children your wife has brought into the world are blessed with a clean father and a pure birth. The world stands badly in need of such children.

METCALF—I don't see you doing anything in that direction.

TEMPLETON—Because there is another love which this world needs even more than nuptial love. God only knows there are enough neglected children whom the childless may well take under their care for guidance. Not only children, but men—men without reason—whose parents, through ignorance, are unable to pilot them. These must be saved and conquered by that love we call "Fraternity."

METCALF—Settlement work in other words?

TEMPLETON—No; the poorer people are happier than we think they are. They are forced to labor, but they enjoy the fruits of it. It is the people of means who, having had all provisions of life made for them, become idle and indulge in pleasures which eventually lead to misery far deeper than the pain which any poverty-stricken mortal has yet experienced.

METCALF—The social evil? Abolish that? We might just as well try to teach elephants how to knit.

TEMPLETON—I am not referring to the destruction of the full-grown weeds; it is the seed that should be destroyed.

METCALF—The seed?

TEMPLETON—Yes; and we need not wander far to find it. It is here—here in our midst—where the seed of

most of that misery is planted. It is here—here at this great American university where the Well-to-do send their sons.

METCALF—It sounds like a sweeping statement.

TEMPLETON—But it is as true as it is unfortunate. If a man has lived a clean and moral life in college, he will continue to live it the rest of his days. But he is just at that age when it is only too easy for him to fall into the jaws of corruption by taking one careless step, and in consequence he is rendered unfit for his work not only in college but in life after graduation.

METCALF—(*sitting down again*) You interest me; continue.

TEMPLETON—The appetites developed in youth linger and grow more intense. The man becomes coarse and evil-minded; he is intoxicated by the sight of a bottle; he commits adultery when he looks at a woman; he ruins the happiness of his family by urging his son to follow his own footsteps and by treating his wife and his daughter with the same disrespect as the wanton on whom he feeds.

METCALF—What has started you on this path? Have you been playing the spy and making discoveries?

TEMPLETON—No, Metcalf; I am not “unearthing wickedness with a spade.” It isn’t necessary to dig for hidden evidence. When the ruddy face of youth grows pale and thin, when the eyes grow dull and slimy, when the hand trembles—isn’t that evidence enough?

METCALF—You *do* observe, don’t you?

TEMPLETON—(*sitting*) Yes; you are too deeply concerned with your own petty misfortunes to notice this. But here, Metcalf, is real misfortune which brings grief to the heart of God Himself.

METCALF—Do you lay all the blame on the students?

TEMPLETON—No; I shall say this in their defense: they are still children. Our student body isn’t very far in advance of a kindergarten. Like children, they lack minds

of their own and think they must imitate others in their habits; like children, they will pick up almost anything off the street; like children, they never know when they have had enough.

METCALF—Each one of them should be tied to a nurse's apron string.

TEMPLETON—It should concern the parent rather than the nurse. The fact that we are sending our sons away to college and placing their discipline in their own hands is no matter for pride and elation. We are simply starting them out on that unfamiliar road which soon divides—the one way leading to service, righteousness and glory; the other to indolence, corruption and ruin.

METCALF—You mean the parent sees and hears only the brighter side of the son's college career?

TEMPLETON—Fathers who have gone through the same experience take pride in exposing their sons to the tempting pleasures which they believe make the man, but mothers, sisters and sweethearts know nothing of these darker events, and picture the young men only as heroes of wisdom and virtue. They are blind, blind, blind.

METCALF—Perhaps it is better so. Would you have them burdened with all the worry such knowledge would inevitably bring?

TEMPLETON—It would not bring worry; it would fan and brighten the flame of maternal love which is gradually being extinguished by the fads and follies of modern society. Mothers lose track of their boys too soon; the boys are not so likely to do wrong if they think their mothers know of it.

METCALF—Well, aren't college morals occasionally attacked in our newspapers and periodicals?

TEMPLETON—And immediately denied or made light of in a subsequent issue.

METCALF—By whom?

TEMPLETON—By various persons. Sometimes by uni-

versity officials who are striving to uphold either falsely or ignorantly the moral standing of their institution; sometimes by good-natured optimists who resent the exposure of evil; again by individuals who themselves are victims of immorality, and who fear a further publication of their own deeds.

METCALF—And others there are, I presume—scores of them—who remain in silence but know only too well the hidden truth.

TEMPLETON—One way of preventing discord is not to play on our pipes, but I fail to see how we extol our Alma Mater by trying to conceal the deadly elements which are tending to undermine her foundation. There must be a reform. I long for it; I crave for it. (*Templeton rises and paces the floor restlessly.*)

METCALF—Why do you let it prey on you? Are you responsible for the sins of others?

TEMPLETON—Yes; I am—at least, when I feel that I have done nothing to try to prevent them.

METCALF—It's no affair of yours; let them go to the dogs if they wish to.

TEMPLETON—If they wish to? Do you believe these men are actually willing to throw their lives away? Far from it. There is a better self in every one of them which is crying out for help and strength, and no man who would be a Christian can ignore it and pass by them on the other side.

METCALF—Isn't there a God to answer their cries?

TEMPLETON—Omnipotent as He is, we expect too much of God alone. He needs our co-operation. He gives us the use of His own power, but we fail to exercise it, and we sit with folded hands waiting for adjustment and progress in exchange for mere confidence devoid of individual exertion. It is true, Metcalf, that this reform must come mainly through the students themselves, but college administration can do its share.

METCALF—Yes; I believe you are right after all. It is high time we unbend our knees to research idols and intellectual polliwogs, and turn our attention to the needs of the undergraduate for whom—all said and done—a university really exists.

TEMPLETON—We are graduating from our institution too many men who are undeserving of the degree we confer upon them. A large number of them manage to get through somehow or other, and enter their life's work with false insignia on their extended chests. The real scholar who has earned his laurel by consistent study has gained nothing over him who has usurped it by trickery.

METCALF—Education nowadays is little more than a farce; we are expected to make scholars out of men whose ambitions are no higher than toadstools. I propose that we confer two degrees: one to reward attainment in scholarship—call it the A. B., indicating "Ambitious Benjamin;" the other for social equipment—the B. A., indicating "Bragging Archie."

TEMPLETON—What we really need is more learning and less display: we crowd our campus with stately buildings which serve rather for ornament than for education; we emblazon our faculty with the names of renowned men whom our students never meet; we adjust our requirements so as to graduate an ostentatiously large number, in consequence of which the quality is lowered.

METCALF—True enough. A university should be something more than a set of self-centered specialists assembled on a square mile of beautiful architecture where young men are trained to pass four years of recreation with three ounces of knowledge.

TEMPLETON—Its one great purpose should be the molding of upright citizens for the future, but this service can never be rendered until we raise the standard of scholarship.

METCALF—That is, you hold that by raising the standard of scholarship, we will raise the moral standard as well.

TEMPLETON—Yes; the average man will do no more than our low standard demands of him. With surplus time on his hands, he naturally seeks pastime, and alas! he finds it in vice. Rectitude is worth more than all of Newton, Vergil and Euclid put together, but these may well be a means to that end by replacing unhealthful thought in the mind of youth.

METCALF—I fear we should have a task suppressing in youth "The Call of the Wild."

TEMPLETON—That should not be our intention. A weak set of humans we would be had we neither spirit nor appetite, for it is our very struggle to purify and limit these that makes us strong and lifts us above the animal level.

METCALF—It will take something more startling than Euclid to agitate such a struggle.

TEMPLETON—I am not claiming it will result from study alone. We must take hold of the man and stir up the better self which has stagnated in the recesses of his soul. He needs a brother to take his hand, to lead him out into the light where he can see with his own eyes the animal which grovels behind him in the darkness—a coarse inhuman brute living selfishly and sluggishly on the hoard of others, stealing what little it has acquired for itself only by cunning and concealment, everlastingly consuming weeds, quaffing more than its body can hold, and reveling like a glutton over human flesh. Were such habits intended for man, they would not result in defeat, misery, disease and crime. But to give up the beast, to use the reason and will which is given to man alone, to grasp the higher purpose in life for the betterment of ourselves and our fellowmen, to serve in the promotion of decency, wisdom, justice and righteousness; in a word, to serve God—that is victory, that is happiness, that is life.

METCALF—You are enthusiastic ; but how can this light be given to the many who need it ?

TEMPLETON—I am trying to shed it by writing a play.

METCALF—But at the same time, you are exposing that which may bring anguish to many an innocent heart which is now apparently happy.

TEMPLETON—Temporary sorrow is the bud which blossoms into true happiness. There is no real happiness in the deferment of grief. This evil, like the poisonous plant in the depths of the forest, will thrive and spread until it is brought out into the sunlight of an open meadow. However intense the pain, I, seemingly *cold*-hearted, shall cut deep with the knife of truth, bring the poison to the surface, and *then* heal the wound with the balm of love.

METCALF—Your task requires courage. Have you no fear ? (*He rises.*)

TEMPLETON—Fear ! Why should I hesitate to do what is right and necessary ? Is it not my very love for my university that prompts me to show that her morals should be and will be rectified, that her standards must be elevated ? Is it not the fraternal devotion in my aching heart that compels me to arouse among her students a hatred for all that is wrong, and a greater respect for themselves, their intimates, their Alma Mater and their God ? Why should I fear to act on that which He has inspired within me ? (*He points to the psalm above his bed.*) “He shall cover thee with His feathers and under *His* wings shalt thou trust ; His *truth* shall be thy shield and buckler.”

METCALF—But men there are so destitute of character that they will not admit their own faults, and, when their acts are plainly and justly made known by others, they will *burn* with revenge ; and that revenge may result in your downfall.

TEMPLETON—(*slowly and clearly*) It is possible to make from ice a lens which will project images with sufficient magnification to show clearly many a defect unob-

served in the original by the ordinary eye. Rays of sunlight, passing through this lens, can be so focused as to kindle a fire,—a fire which may destroy all the defects,—although the lens itself is left unmelted and whole.

METCALF—(*taking his book and his hat*) I see you have gone into it heart and soul. (*He grasps Templeton's hand.*) Good night, and God be with you.

(*Metcalf leaves the room, closing the door softly behind him.*)

Templeton *stands in silence for a few moments. Then he removes his robe, takes his night clothes from the chiffonier, places them on his bed, and turns out both lights in his room.*

The front door of the house is heard opening and closing with a bang. There is a noise due to two men staggering up the stairs. The door to Adder's room is opened violently, and he staggers in, badly under the influence of liquor—his cap missing, his hair disarranged, the front of his dress shirt open. DePeyster follows him, closing the door noiselessly. Adder discards his coats on the floor, and manages to reach the fireplace, where he accidentally knocks a few bottles from the shelf, sending them to the hearth with a crash.)

ADDER—(*sinking into the Morris chair*) Thank stars! We are back, Chaunce. That was the closest shave I ever had, but I can always depend on you, old pal, to seeing me home. You're a good fellow, Chaunce; you're a damn good fellow. And you were a damn lucky fellow to know about that back window. I almost broke my neck when I jumped to the pavement.

DEPEYSTER—I wonder what's become of Lulu?

ADDER—Don't worry about Lulu. I guess this isn't the first raid she's been in; it's an old game with her. Hell! I wish the little devil were here to put me to bed. (*He rips off his dress shirt, and then removes his shoes, throwing*

them noisily across the floor.) Can you blame me, Chaunce? Can you?

DEPEYSTER—Nay, nay; I say she's a pippin. I never shall forget her elbows.

ADDER—Cut out the elbows, and get my pajamas; will you? *(DePeyster carefully feels his way into the bedroom. Adder rises and approaches Psyche, first eyeing her with suspicion and then embracing the statue vulgarly.)* Oh, you Lulu; oh, you Lulu. *(He carries the statute across the room and falls with it in his arms upon the couch. DePeyster returns with a pair of brilliantly-striped silk pajamas.)* Come kiss me good night, Chaunce.

DEPEYSTER—Yes, Addy dear.

ADDER—And come around later; I may want you to hold my head.

DEPEYSTER—*(covering him with the pajamas and giving him an audible kiss)* Pleasant dreams.

ADDER—Good night, old pal.

(DePeyster staggers to the bedroom door, and, turning the switch there, he extinguishes all the lights and enters the bedroom. Adder, left to himself, soon commences to snore beastlike on the couch.)

Templeton, sensitive to all that has happened, lights the gaslamp in his room and stands thoughtfully at the side of his desk in his white night clothes. The expression on his face reveals a profound compassion for the transgressor.)

ADDER—*(talking in his sleep)* Lulu, you damn little witch!

(The strains of "Bright College Years" are heard from the band in the distance. The countenance of Templeton, inspired by the music, changes suddenly to one significant of determination and courage. He seizes his pen, and, trembling with enthusiasm, he bends over his desk and writes with renewed vigor.)

Adder, in his drunken stupor, remains unconscious of the approaching tumult. Just as the music, swelling in grandeur, reaches the final strain,—“For God, For Country and For Yale,”—the procession passes under the window in his room, and a patch of brilliant red light falls across the large banner bearing that inscription.)

ACT II

(The sunlight passes through.)

ACT II

The scene is the same as in Act I. The time is the evening of the following day.

Adder's room is again in order. The folding chairs have been removed, and the broken glass from the bottles has been swept away. But all the decorations, including one pink stocking on the dome, are still up.

DePeyster, with his head in a bandage and his body in a very "loud" robe, sits toasting in the Morris chair before a crackling fire. He is alone with "Psyche," who stands before him buttoned up in his own black coat, which covers her anatomy from the waist to the knee.

Templeton's room is vacant, but the electric wall light is on; the gaslamp on the desk is not burning.

DEPEYSTER—(calling) Jupiter . . . Jupiter . . . Jupiter. (There is no response.) Confound his black soul; he's never here when I want him.

(Jupiter *slips in on tiptoe.*)

JUPITER—I begs yah pardon, sah. Did I hear yah callin' me, or did I just imagine it?

DEPEYSTER—You never hear anything. Where in the devil have you been?

JUPITER—I's been shinin' shoes, sah.

DEPEYSTER—Send up some heat; the house is like a refrigerator. I had to build a fire myself. I soiled my hands fearfully and almost broke my spine carrying the logs. It's no work for a gentleman—in particular, when he's sick. You had better stay on your job. If you don't fire that furnace, we'll have to fire you. When I awoke this morning, my feet were like ice.

JUPITER—Why didn't yah git up, sah, and walk around a bit—yah might 'ave *stoved* yah toe.

DEPEYSTER—No joking. Don't make sport of my complaints; I'm sick as a cat. Hand me my pipe and Mr. Adder's tobacco jar. (*Jupiter passes him the articles from the desk.*) I've got such a nasty taste in my mouth.

JUPITER—Dark brown?

DEPEYSTER—(*filling his pipe*) Yes; ever had it?

JUPITER—It's my natural color, sah.

DEPEYSTER—(*passing him the jar*) Here, take this; it annoys me.

JUPITER—(*placing it on the desk*) You mean it *jars* you.

DEPEYSTER—Shut up! Got a match?

JUPITER—(*getting one from his pocket*) Yes, sah.

DEPEYSTER—Strike it for me; I'm too weak.

JUPITER—(*holding the flaming match over his pipe*) Yes, sah.

DEPEYSTER—That's all; you may go now. You annoy me.

JUPITER—(*leaving*) Yes, sah.

DEPEYSTER—Jupiter.

JUPITER—(*returning*) Yes, sah.

DEPEYSTER—I'm as hungry as a pup; go over to Reilly's and get me a dog.

JUPITER—Five cents, sah.

DEPEYSTER—Have it charged.

JUPITER—With mustard, sah?

DEPEYSTER—No; with gunpowder.

JUPITER—(*leaving*) Yes, sah.

DEPEYSTER—Jupiter.

JUPITER—(*returning*) Yes, sah.

DEPEYSTER—On your way, stop at the barber shop and tell Gusty to come over and shave me.

JUPITER—(*leaving*) Yes, sah.

DEPEYSTER—Jupiter.

JUPITER—(*returning*) Yes, sah.

DEPEYSTER—And drop in the drug store, and get two of Lydia Pinkham's Pills.

JUPITER—(*leaving*) Yes, sah.

DEPEYSTER—(*to himself*) Poor Jupiter! Silly ass!

JUPITER—(*returning*) Yes, sah.

DEPEYSTER—Why in the devil don't you go instead of always coming back?

JUPITER—Will I have dem pills charged too?

DEPEYSTER—(*angrily*) Yes, sah.

JUPITER—With gunpowder?

(*Jupiter, laughing aloud heartily, leaves the room. DePeyster rises and walks toward the graphophone.*)

DEPEYSTER—Oh, such a spinning headache! (*He starts the graphophone to playing a noisy one-step, and then returns to his chair. After a while the door bell rings. It rings a second time, long and loud.*) Some people have no consideration for the sick.

(*The laundry man appears in the doorway. He raps on the door frame. It is not heeded. He raps a second time.*)

DEPEYSTER—(*feebly*) Come in.

MAN—(*entering*) Is this Mr. DePeyster?

DEPEYSTER—(*neither rising nor turning about*) No; he's out of town.

MAN—Would you mind giving him this bill when he returns?

DEPEYSTER—Gladly! just leave it on the desk.

MAN—Thank you. (*He does so and walks out.*)

(*DePeyster rises, walks to the desk, picks up the bill, and, without having looked at it, he tears it up, and throws the scraps into the wastebasket. The laundry man returns.*)

MAN—I'm sorry, but I gave you the wrong bill. It was Mr. Adder's. May I trouble you to hand it back?

DEPEYSTER—(*excitedly*) Oh, that's all right; he rooms here too, and I'll see that he gets it.

MAN—But there's a mistake—I forgot to add last month's account.

DEPEYSTER—Never mind doing that. What's the total? I'm his roommate; I might just as well pay the entire charge for him.

MAN—(*opening his memorandum*) 2.67.

DEPEYSTER—I'll write out a check. (*He sits down at the desk with a business-like air, opens the drawer, produces a check book, writes with a flourish, tears out a leaf, and hands it to the agent.*)

MAN—(*looking over the check*) Good signature, Mr. DePeyster; might just as well make out another one—your bill is 17.32. (*A sheepish look appears on DePeyster's face. He writes a second check. The agent takes it, and places the receipted bill on the desk.*) Thanks. Good evening, Sir.

(*The man walks out.*)

DEPEYSTER—(*rising and slamming the door after him*) Damn! (*He stops the graphophone abruptly, walks to the desk and picks up the telephone in anger.*) Chestnut 23.... Hello....hello....Is this Mr. Hunter's residence?....(*then all in one breath*)....Tell Mrs. Hunter this is the fishman, and he can't take her to the opera until the beginning of next month because he has overdrawn his allowance. (*He drops the telephone noisily, throws himself into the Morris chair and smokes his pipe in quick short puffs.*)

(*Adder enters in the best of spirits. He tosses his cap and book on the couch.*)

ADDER—Well, old pal, how are you feeling?

DEPEYSTER—(*with a snarl*) Rotten.

ADDER—So bad as all that?

DEPEYSTER—Yes; my head's aching like sixty, and my backbone's almost killing me.

ADDER—Oh hell! you should have gone to Vassar.

DEPEYSTER—What makes you so crabbed? Did you flunk your exam?

ADDER—Flunk! well I guess not. Jeff Lyon sat right in front of me, and when he finished his paper I jerked his coat tail and pointed to my frat pin. He did his duty, and passed back a copy of all the answers. The supervisor snored through the whole examination; I had to wake him up when I handed him my paper.

DEPEYSTER—Anything on about the lamp-post problem?

ADDER—Not a damn; the nearest thing to it was about a schooner sailing homeward.

DEPEYSTER—Could you answer it?

ADDER—I swallowed it whole.

DEPEYSTER—Then you feel sure you passed?

ADDER—Without a doubt.

DEPEYSTER—And you won't be dropped?

ADDER—Nay, nay. (*He dances happily about the room.*) There are two ways to get through college, Chaunce; one is to paddle your own canoe, and the other is to have someone paddle it for you. You'd be surprised to know the number of bone heads floating about the country with college degrees dangling from the ends of their tongues. Look at yourself for example—repeating your freshman year for the third time. You should have been kicked out of this place before you ever got in. But you'll graduate; I'll bet my head on it. Why the faculty will get so damned tired of you hanging around that they'll give you your sheepskin and tell you to beat it.

DEPEYSTER—And you with all your brains won't get anything better.

ADDER—A degree no longer stands for brains; it has become an essential part of every gentleman's wardrobe just like a patent-leather pump or an English walking-stick. A fellow's a damn fool to study his head off when he can get

one without it. To hell with books! (*He snatches his book from the couch, tears out the leaves, and tosses them into the fire.*) Me for a jolly good time. Seen the evening paper? (*He removes a newspaper from his coat pocket.*) Great write-up about the raid last night—front page—large red letters—but no names given.

DEPEYSTER—Lucky for you, old man. You would have had a fine time adjusting matters with Jeanette.

ADDER—Little Innocence—she'll never know a word about it.

DEPEYSTER—Don't be too sure. Remember her brother—Jefferson—lives right here with us under the same roof.

ADDER—What of it? Do you think he's going to squeal?

DEPEYSTER—There's no telling what he might let slip from his lips. He is such an ass; he annoys me.

ADDER—I know damn well he's a sad bird, but I had good reasons for making him a member of our fraternity. In the first place he belongs to one of the first families of the state, and therefore his election to our frat gives us all a social pull; in the second place, by doing this, I myself get a better stand-in with his sister Jeanette—the most popular debutante in town; in the third place he's under pledge as a good fellow not to let out the off-color doings of any of his brethren. So you see, Chaunce, I've got him just where I want him—I can do anything I damn please, and Jeanette never knows it and thinks just as much of me as ever.

DEPEYSTER—Does Jefferson know about our lark last night?

ADDER—No, but I'm going to tell him the whole thing from beginning to end.

DEPEYSTER—I think you're a fool to do it.

ADDER—You're showing the wrong spirit, DePeyster. Aren't we all united? Isn't it agreed there shall be no secrets among us? If we expect Jeff to be our pal, it's up to us to

be his. I may be a cheat when it comes to an exam, or I may be false to the girl, but this much I swear: To my dying day I'll be loyal to my frat.

DEPEYSTER—Well, when you tell him, please don't mention *my* name in the matter. My mother would turn over and die if she were ever to find out that her darling Chauncey as much as looked at a chorus girl. I was considered the most upright man in my home town, and the first time I left for college Mamma placed a Bible under my arm.

ADDER—She was trying to make a saint of you.

DEPEYSTER—She used to preach to me for hours, and I always promised to be a very, very good boy.

ADDER—Thank heavens, my mother never took such a foolish interest in me. She is head over heels in society; president of The Women's Club, vice-president of The Mother's Club, secretary of The Home for Neglected Children, and so forth. She writes articles on *The Care of French Poodles*. Has four of them at home: (*He counts them on his fingers.*) Flosette, Peepo, Melisande and Napoleon. Feeds them on marshmallows and certified milk; bathes them in *eau de Cologne*. Some class to mother! As to my old man, we've gone out together on many a lark with something ten times as spicy as Lulu. Parent's up to date—eh! And after all, what good has *your* mother's Bible done?

DEPEYSTER—I sold it for cigarette money.

ADDER—Holy smoke!

DEPEYSTER—A week later, Mother wrote and asked me if I had found the five-dollar bill she had placed opposite the ten commandments in the fifth book of Moses.

ADDER—Rather expensive cigarettes—eh?

DEPEYSTER—I had to tell her I lost Bible and all.

ADDER—What was the answer?

DEPEYSTER—Another Bible.

ADDER—Any money in it?

DEPEYSTER—As soon as it arrived I turned over every

page from Genesis to Revelation, and didn't find a damn cent, and what was worse—I couldn't even sell this one.

ADDER—How's that?

DEPEYSTER—There it is in the book case. Look what's stamped all over the cover in gold:

(Adder walks to the book case, finds the Bible and blows a cloud of dust from it.)

ADDER—*(reading the inscription on the cover)* To Saintly Chauncey DePeyster from the Y. M. C. A. of Oswego.

DEPEYSTER—*(rising and pacing up and down the floor)* They must not find out. They dare not find it out—their saintly Chauncey patting the elbows of a chorus lady! The very thought annoys me.

ADDER—*(throwing the Bible down on the desk)* Hell! you're worse than an old woman—they are always taking their medicine before they are sick.

DEPEYSTER—Believe me: Jefferson Lyon cannot be trusted. He will gossip it everywhere, and even tell the heathens about it when he commences his crusade in China. Addy dear, you've made me sicker than ever. Oh!...
(DePeyster throws himself upon the couch.)

(Gusty—the little fat and immaculate German barber—enters in slippered feet. He carries a long pipe in his mouth and a satchel in his hand.)

GUSTY—Ver is it vat wants a shave?

ADDER—*(pointing to the couch)* The Dying Gladiator.
(Adder retires to the bedroom.)

GUSTY—*(opening his satchel on the desk and getting out his razor, shaving soap, brush, towel, etc.)* Kome along, Hercules.

DEPEYSTER—*(rising)* I think I'll have to postpone it, Gusty. I've got a fearful headache, and I'm a nervous wreck. I'm afraid you'll cut me.

GUSTY—*(taking off his coat and rolling up his shirt*

sleeves) Dat's all right; I vas got a saf-e-ty razor to use on your beard. Your head vill feel a lots better after I takes it off.

DEPEYSTER—(*sitting in the Morris chair where Gusty prepares him by pinning a towel about his neck*) Now remember, Gusty, my skin is soft and sensitive, and I don't want the barber's itch.

GUSTY—(*making a lather on DePeyster's face, and dabbing his brush back and forward as though he were painting the side of a house*) Don't verry about dat; I mix every man's ladder on his own individual mug.

(*Jupiter enters with small packages.*)

JUPITER—Here am yah dog sandwidge and yah pills, Mr. DePeyster.

DEPEYSTER—Bring it quick; I am almost famished. And get me a glass of water.

(*Jupiter hands him the sandwich and then enters the bedroom. DePeyster devours it ravenously, his lower jaw swinging through a large amplitude. He eats lather and all.*)

GUSTY—Ven your jaws goes up and down like a pump handle, how do you exspect me to amputate your fringe?

DEPEYSTER—I'll be through directly, Gusty. You might sit down and read a little while; there's my Bible on the desk.

GUSTY—Make hurry up; I vas got no time to vait. *Ach Himmel!* I must make more ladder on your face. You seem to like vipped cream served mit your dog.

(*Gusty re-lathers DePeyster's face. Jupiter returns with a glass of water, places it on the desk with the pills, and then goes out into the hall. Gusty applies the razor.*)

DEPEYSTER—Ouch!

GUSTY—Vat's da matter? Is dis razor a little bit too much not sharp enough?

DEPEYSTER—It's got a pull.

GUSTY—Sure ding—it's a Gillette. Say, you vas had da chicken pox once, *nicht wahr?*

DEPEYSTER—How do you know?

GUSTY—It played da deuce on your face—it left two spots.

DEPEYSTER—Cut it out, Gusty; I don't feel like laughing. Anyhow, your jokes are far-fetched.

GUSTY—Far-fetched? I found dat one right here under your nose. You vant a massawtch?

DEPEYSTER—No; they annoy me.

GUSTY—Hair cut?

DEPEYSTER—No; the hairs get under my collar and tickle my back.

GUSTY—Shampoo?

DEPEYSTER—No; the soap suds might get into my eyes.

GUSTY—Dandruff treatment?

DEPEYSTER—No; I detest the smell of it.

GUSTY—You need one—your hair has had a falling-out-ness. You vill be bald in t'ree years. *Ach Gott! dann was für ein Bild!*

DEPEYSTER—Stop talking French; I never took it—I specialized in German.

GUSTY—You collitch boys know about as much German as a jackass.

DEPEYSTER—It would be foolish to learn more than my position in life demands.

(Gusty, laughing to himself, enters the bedroom. DePeyster rises, walks to the desk, swallows the pills, and then takes a drink of water.)

DEPEYSTER—God bless Lydia Pinkham; I'm going to send her a testimonial.

(He returns to the Morris chair. Gusty enters with a steaming towel. He wraps it around DePeyster's head, covering his face completely. Then he removes a watch from DePeyster's pocket and puts it into his own.)

GUSTY—(*aside*) *Ein Ingersol, aber besser wie nichts.* (*He removes the towel.*) Is der nudding else I can relief you of?

DEPEYSTER—No; that will be all for to-night, Gusty. I'll pay you next week.

GUSTY—(*packing his supplies back into his satchel, and pulling on his cap and coat*) Dat's all right. I am used to doing vork on tick, but I vill keep a vatch on you. *Adieu.*

(*He walks to the door singing:*

*"Ich bin der Doctor Eisenbart—
Zwill-ie-will-ie-wick-um-BUM."*

After the final "BUM," he turns about, quickly puts his hand to his nose, and then disappears.)

DEPEYSTER—(*remaining in his chair and calling to Adder in the bedroom*) Addy dear, I'm feeling just as bad as ever. Would you mind bringing me my black tie and a clean collar? And one of my handkerchiefs with a pink monogram?

ADDER—(*from within*) All right, Grandma. Anything else?

DEPEYSTER—My derby.

ADDER—What about your corset cover?

DEPEYSTER—(*mournfully*) Please don't make sport of me. I feel as though I'm going to die.

(*Adder enters and showers the called-for articles of apparel over DePeyster. He himself wears a black suit and a derby.*)

ADDER—Just where does it hurt you most, Darling?

DEPEYSTER—I am still sick over it.

ADDER—Over what?

DEPEYSTER—The fact that you're going to tell Jefferson about our frolic. Perhaps you'll change your mind.

ADDER—No; I'll call him in now. (*He goes to the door and calls.*) Hello, Jeff; drop in a moment on your way down. (*to DePeyster*) Jeff isn't going to be a half-bad fellow when we get through with him.

DEPEYSTER—Yes; there's hope when one stops to consider the man you've made of me.

(We meet Jefferson Lyon for the first time. He enters the door timidly. His father's heartless description of him is not far from the truth. His deformity is pronounced; his face is thin and cadaverous, appearing all the more so on account of his black suit, tie and derby; his hands tremble, and his entire body occasionally undergoes a nervous twitch. Our hearts ache for him at once.)

ADDER—Hello, Jeff; how's the boy?

JEFFERSON—*(removing his hat, and placing it on the desk)* I'm feeling pretty fair. How are you?

ADDER—Fine; but Chaunce has had a bad day of it.

DEPEYSTER—*(putting on his collar and tie before the mirror over the mantelpiece)* I thought I was going to die this morning, Jeff. I've been too ill to stand the strain of a recitation, but I'm strong enough to go with you all to-night.

ADDER—Chaunce had one drink too many.

DEPEYSTER—I wasn't drunk, Jeff; I never get drunk. But all these fancy drinks make me deathly sick.

ADDER—We were out on a lark last night, and Chaunce still has a hangover. We both had a hell of a good time, Jeff, with a chorus girl and the usual accessories that go therewith. The grand climax of the evening was a police raid, but we managed to skin out. We are going to take you with us the next time, Jeff.

JEFFERSON—I would rather not go, Adder.

ADDER—Why?

JEFFERSON—I think it's immoral.

ADDER—Rats, Jeff! you'll have to get over that. There isn't a fellow in the house who doesn't take a drink now and then, except you. You owe it to us and to yourself. Learn to be a good fellow. Forget your grouch.

DEPEYSTER—Yes; be manly.

JEFFERSON—I do not wish to be disagreeable at any time, and I will gladly retire from the crowd when you start your carousals. But it isn't the drink so much as the girl that I am referring to now.

ADDER—In what way, Jeff?

JEFFERSON—I believe you and my sister—Jeanette—are on more than friendly terms these days. I know Jeanette is taking you seriously. Do you think you are treating her with fairness?

ADDER—Yes.

JEFFERSON—Then she knows about these occurrences?

ADDER—No; decidedly not.

JEFFERSON—Don't you think she should know?

DEPEYSTER—(*removing his black coat from the statue of Psyche*) How could a gentleman be expected to disclose such a thing to a perfectly respectable girl? (*He puts on his coat and hat and sits on the arm of the chair.*)

JEFFERSON—Aren't you going to tell her, Adder?

ADDER—No.

JEFFERSON—Would you rather I would tell her?

ADDER—(*quickly*) You had better not, Jeff.

JEFFERSON—Why not? As her brother it is my duty to do so.

ADDER—As *our* brother it is your duty to keep quiet. Remember your pledge. You're not going back on your word, are you?

JEFFERSON—Do you think I shall let my sister step into an unhappy future when I can prevent it?

ADDER—Unhappy future! Hell! don't make it so damned serious. It's part of every fellow's college life; you're not human like the rest of us.

JEFFERSON—I'm sorry, Adder, but I simply cannot see my sister misled.

ADDER—(*revengefully*) Well, just squeal, and I'll make it hot for you.

JEFFERSON—How?

ADDER—What about that help you gave me on the exam to-day?

JEFFERSON—You forced me to do it. I didn't want to, but you kept on whispering and pulling my coat and jabbing your pencil into my back until you had me almost crazy, and I passed back my paper only to get relief.

ADDER—That's all right; whether I asked you for it or not, you did it all the same, and the man who gives information is considered in the same light as the man who gets it—both are fired from the school. (*He folds his arms.*) Now what are you going to do?

JEFFERSON—What do you mean?

ADDER—I mean that if you squeal to Jeanette on me, I'll squeal to the faculty on you. It's only a fair game, Jeff.

JEFFERSON—But you also would be expelled?

ADDER—I don't give a damn. It's not going to harm me, but it's a hell of a fine reputation for a man who's going into the ministry.

DEPEYSTER—Lord! I should say so.

JEFFERSON—You don't mean you would ruin my future?

ADDER—Yes, and I want your answer right quick on this matter between Jeanette and me. I want your promise that you'll keep it dark.

(*DePeyster walks to the window and pulls down the shade.*)

JEFFERSON—You want me to let my sister go on blindly in her relation to you?

ADDER—Yes, or consider yourself expelled from the university.

JEFFERSON—My God, man, you wouldn't do that, would you?

ADDER—It's easy enough for you to prevent it.

JEFFERSON—You think it is easy for me to lie?

ADDER—You're not lying; you're simply doing me a good turn.

JEFFERSON—I cannot, Adder; my God, I cannot.

ADDER—Very well, we'll call it settled; I'll hand in the report to-morrow.

JEFFERSON—No, wait——

ADDER—(*seizing his hand and placing it on DePeyster's Bible*) Good! We are going to have your promise. Here; swear by this Bible that you're not going to tell. (*He removes his derby.*)

JEFFERSON—(*holding up his hand reluctantly*) My God, my God, I.... (*He falters and falls to the floor in a faint.*)

ADDER—(*stooping over him*) Get the brandy bottle, Chaunce; he has fainted. (*DePeyster opens a secret panel in the desk. He produces a bottle and a glass, fills the latter, and passes it to Adder, who places it to Jefferson's lips, forcing him to drink. He comes to. Adder helps him up, leading him to the couch.*) There, old man; you're all right again. Lie down and rest a while. You needn't go with us to-night if you don't feel like it. I'll go down and unlatch the front door, and if you need attention just call for the doctor on the telephone. Tell him the front door is unlocked, and to walk right in.

(*The door to Adder's room and the door to Templeton's room open simultaneously. Adder and DePeyster pass out, closing the door upon Jefferson, who is left alone on the couch. Templeton enters his own room, leaving the door open. He removes his overcoat and felt hat, places them on his bed, and then sinks into the large chair, where he is soon lost in meditation. Jefferson rises from the couch.*)

JEFFERSON—What kind of men are these I live with? They have no respect for God or truth. They even try to force lies from me. (*He places his hand to his throat, and*

coughs lightly.) And when I refused, they drugged me. *(His mind, not any too strong, gives way to hallucination.)* Yes; they've drugged me. I know it. I know they have, and they've left me here alone to die. *(He staggers to the desk and seizes the telephone.)* Greenwood—3413....Hello....Hello....It is you, Jeanette. This is Jefferson....Send me help; quick, Jeanette!....I have been drugged, poisoned....I am here alone at the dormitory in Mr. Adder's room—Mr. Adder's room. Send me help. Quick! *(He drops the telephone, and, supporting himself on the desk, he stares blankly into space.)*

(Adder and DePeyster return, closing the door.)

ADDER—Well, Jeff, you're feeling all right again, I see.

JEFFERSON—*(covering his eyes with his hand)* Somewhat.

ADDER—*(patting him on the back)* You're a good fellow, Jeff; you've sworn loyalty to us by the Bible.

JEFFERSON—*(quickly)* No; I did not swear by the Bible.

ADDER—Oh yes, you did.

JEFFERSON—I was going to, but I didn't do it; I know I didn't.

ADDER—Sure you did. You just can't remember. You fainted while you were doing it, old pal—here's DePeyster to prove it. *(He gives DePeyster the wink.)* Isn't that right, Chaunce?

DEPEYSTER—Decidedly; most decidedly.

JEFFERSON—You mean to say I have sworn by the Bible that I will not show my sister her blind mistake? Oh, how I hate myself! *(He covers his face with his hands, and then suddenly removes them.)* No; it was not Jefferson Lyon who swore. You drugged me—you made me do it while I was under influence—you know you did.

ADDER—That was only the brandy we gave you to get you out of your faint.

JEFFERSON—Brandy!

ADDER—Yes; you've had your first drink now, and you're the beginning of a good fellow.

JEFFERSON—(*terrified*) Brandy! Brandy!

ADDER—Yes; brandy. It will do you good.

JEFFERSON—Good? You don't understand, Adder; you have played the meanest of tricks.

ADDER—Trick?

JEFFERSON—Yes. Oh God, if you had only known it! But you might have surmised it anyhow. You plainly saw my physical condition—my deformity—my defectiveness from head to foot. Do you think a fellow can be happy when he's so different—so horribly different from others? When I was younger I never thought of my misfortune, but the awful reality pressed more and more heavily on my mind as I grew up. You can never know how I longed for relief—how I craved like a maniac to get away from the thoughts that were corroding my brain. I knew there was such a thing as liquor, of course, and I knew how persons, miserable like myself, found relief in it. But I also knew the terrible consequences of its use. And yet my father was always offering it to me and trying to persuade me to drink. If he had only known how intensely I craved it. And what do you suppose it was that gave me the great courage to refuse? It was God—it was God, I tell you. That's why I turned to Him—to God! That's why I wanted to become a missionary and work at His side to forget my wretched thoughts. I believed I had succeeded in tramping out the evil forever; but you—you have brought it back to me worse than before. I tell you plainly it's all up with me now—I see them before me already—mocking fiends tempting me to follow them—they have won me over—I, who intended to work for God and truth, have been transformed to a drunken and a lying fool. I have sworn to God Himself that I shall deceive my own sister. (*He lowers his head in shame.* Adder, refusing

to take the raving seriously, shakes hands with DePeyster, but Jefferson looks up in time to observe it.) Don't be too sure of your victory, Adder. When one of God's mediums is destroyed, He soon finds another one to herald the truth.

(Templeton at this instant awakes from his reverie, and places his hand to his head, indicating an inspiration for his play.)

Jeanette shall still be saved, but not by me. I have surrendered to temptation. I am yours—yours; do with me what you will.

ADDER—*(placing the derby on Jefferson's head)* Come along; it is just two minutes of eight.

JEFFERSON—I will go anywhere to take my mind off these horrible thoughts; I will do anything to forget my misery.

ADDER—Then fill up the glasses, Chaunce, and we will all three drink to the health of our good old fraternity. *(DePeyster quickly gets two more glasses from the secret panel and soon has them filled and passed around. Adder holds his brandy aloft.)* We're here to revel, smoke and drink—To hell with work that makes us think!

(Adder and DePeyster watch Jefferson closely. He hesitates at first, and then, overcome by his desire, he lifts the glass madly to his lips, and drains it of its contents. Then Adder and DePeyster drink. Jefferson hurls the empty glass across the room into the fireplace, and bellows out a peal of maniacal laughter. Adder and DePeyster mistake it for the laugh of goodfellowship, slap him on the back, and, taking him arm in arm, they leave the room.)

The town clock strikes eight. On the first stroke all the electric lights, including the wall light in Templeton's room, are extinguished. With the shade drawn in Adder's room, it is now in complete darkness except for

a very dull glow on the hearth due to the dying fire. Templeton's room is but faintly lighted by the street light shining through his window. On the last stroke of the clock, the footsteps of the departing fraternity are heard as they march in strict tempo through the hall, down the steps, and up the street. The sound gradually dies away in the distance.

There is a short period of absolute silence during which Templeton remains seated. Then the flicker of a match in the darkness. He lights the gaslamp on his desk, and when he turns about, he sees Jeanette Lyon standing in his doorway. She is bare-headed, and wears a magnificent long ermine-fur coat. Her hairdress is extreme, a false addition projecting grotesquely in the rear and interlaced with a garland of dazzling jewels. Her usual attractiveness is even surpassed owing to the excitement which has flushed her cheeks.)

JEANETTE—(*nervously*) Pardon me, sir, but this is the only room which seems to be lighted, so I am coming right in. My brother—Jefferson—has been drugged in this dormitory.

TEMPLETON—You must be mistaken; I think you are in the wrong house.

JEANETTE—No; he called to me over the 'phone and said he was in Mr. Adder's room.

TEMPLETON—It sounds queer, but we shall light a candle and see.

(He lights the candle on his chiffonier, and crosses the hall, Jeanette following. They enter Adder's room. As Templeton walks by the desk, he jerks down the pink stocking from the dome before she has had a chance to observe it. He stuffs it into his coat pocket. They walk to the bedroom door, and both look in.)

TEMPLETON—You see the room is vacant; your brother isn't here.

JEANETTE—I cannot understand it.

TEMPLETON—Very likely it was intended for a joke; this is Halloween, you know.

JEANETTE—Sure enough. Of course, I am glad it is not so, but I really can't see why he should play *such* a trick; I was frightened to death. I ran the car up here all myself, and I am so nervous, I am afraid I can't run it home.

TEMPLETON—You had better come into my room, and rest a little.

JEANETTE—Thank you, I believe I shall have to.

(They return to Templeton's room. He blows out the candle, and returns it to the chiffonier. She sits down in the large chair beside his desk.)

JEANETTE—May I have a drink of water? My throat is parched from excitement. *(He opens the window and gets a glass and a water bottle from the sill.)* Jefferson is a trifle queer, but he has never done anything like this before. *(He pours the water and hands it to her. She drinks and places the glass on the desk.)* Thank you. Where do you suppose he is now?

TEMPLETON—*(returning the bottle to the sill)* This is Thursday evening; they call it frat night, I believe.

JEANETTE—But why are there no lights in the house?

TEMPLETON—It is just a custom; at eight o'clock the switch is turned off.

JEANETTE—Oh yes, this is the night they hold sacred—they all wear black clothes, and march into those mysterious buildings to offer prayer.

TEMPLETON—Prayer!

JEANETTE—Yes; they pray until midnight, and then they march out again, pure and sweet, with all their sins forgiven—that's what Mr. Adder told me.

TEMPLETON—You must not believe all you hear.

JEANETTE—Then what is it they do in those dumb-looking houses?

TEMPLETON—These little school boys have their secrets—just like you girls.

JEANETTE—You can't blame me for being curious. Can you?

TEMPLETON—No; you would be a curious girl if you were otherwise.

JEANETTE—But students do silly things; don't they?

TEMPLETON—Yes indeed; almost as silly as girls do—

JEANETTE—How rude you are to make the comparison.

TEMPLETON—I trust I have not offended you.

JEANETTE—No; not exactly. But you see I am not accustomed to even the slightest slander. Everybody admires me. *(She feels her hair to see if it is in place.)*

(In this scene we have Templeton in a lighter mood. He undertakes to bring Jeanette Lyon to her senses. He commences playfully, using more or less good-natured ridicule, but always resorting to moderation when his subject appears in the least offended.)

TEMPLETON—*(sitting down at his desk and turning his chair so as to face her)* And you like to be admired, do you?

JEANETTE—*(sitting up in her chair in great expectation)* I am perfectly silly about it.

TEMPLETON—May I ask you what that means? “perfectly silly”?

JEANETTE—Oh—don't you know?

TEMPLETON—I will look it up in my dictionary to make sure. *(He takes a book from his desk and turns over a few pages.)* Perfect—that means “complete.” *(He turns over a few more.)* Silly—that means “brainless.” *(He closes the book and returns it to his desk.)* That is: you say you are “completely brainless.”

JEANETTE—I didn't mean that at all.

TEMPLETON—Of course not; but your diction is absurd, isn't it? Rather affected?

JEANETTE—No; it is my natural way of speaking. I always make it a point to have nothing artificial about me.

TEMPLETON—(*reaching over and removing a puff from her hair*) What about this?

JEANETTE—I think you are perfectly horrid,—but you have wonderful eyes to observe it. My hairdresser worked for two weeks to get the proper shade; I thought it was an awfully stunning match.

TEMPLETON—(*placing the puff on his desk*) Do you think they are becoming?

JEANETTE—Whether they are or not, I must be up to date.

TEMPLETON—Rather than sensible?

JEANETTE—Well, how would you expect a girl to wear her hair?

TEMPLETON—(*pointing to the print over the book-case*) Are you familiar with the portrait of Mona Lisa?

JEANETTE—What a youthful face she has! I wonder what secret she had to preserve it.

TEMPLETON—Simply this: she never marred her natural beauty with all the artificial devices with which you girls of to-day disfigure yourselves. (*He picks up the puff.*) Do you see anything like that in her hair?

JEANETTE—People would laugh at me if I wore my hair like hers.

TEMPLETON—Are you quite sure some of them do not laugh at it as it is?

JEANETTE—If they do, it is because they don't know the very latest style.

TEMPLETON—Style is not always taste; a little conservatism often saves us from becoming fashion freaks.

JEANETTE—(*slightly agitated*) You think I look like a freak; do you?

TEMPLETON—I saw a girl walk down the street to-day,

and I almost called out the department of public safety—I thought a wild hyena had escaped from the zoo.

JEANETTE—(*with greater agitation*) Then you think I look like a hyena?

TEMPLETON—No; you are not so dangerous looking as she. You are somewhat human—more on the order of a chimpanzee.

JEANETTE—(*furiously*) I almost hate you.

TEMPLETON—Now come; let us be reasonable. Just walk over to the mirror, and see how much all that protruding hair in the rear resembles a monkey's cranium.

JEANETTE—(*starting toward the mirror and then stopping suddenly*) I don't care to see it.

TEMPLETON—I don't blame you.

JEANETTE—(*examining the Mona Lisa more carefully*) If I should wear my hair like that, my face would look like a jelly-fish.

TEMPLETON—Oh! Let us not get into such deep water. Your face is far better than you think it is. You really spoil it, not only with all that false hair but also by powdering your nose.

JEANETTE—(*quickly*) How do you know my nose is powdered?

TEMPLETON—You are trying to hide a freckle. (*He holds up his finger.*) Now aren't you?

JEANETTE—Yes; because men don't like to see freckles on ladies' noses.

TEMPLETON—If you are really worth loving, that insignificant little freckle isn't going to keep any man with common-sense from doing it.

JEANETTE—(*from behind the desk*) If I am really worth loving! Why of course I am.

TEMPLETON—What makes you think so?

JEANETTE—Everybody loves me; all the young men stand up before me and shout their praises.

TEMPLETON—And you believe all they say?

JEANETTE—Most certainly; you should hear the way they say it. It's simply glorious.

TEMPLETON—I wonder if it is anything more than flattery.

JEANETTE—You mean they are playing me false?

TEMPLETON — Perhaps. (*His talk takes a serious turn*) Most girls are like so many blind fish tossed about helplessly on the sea of life; now this way, now that—simply the plaything of a heartless sea-monster. I pity them, and then again, I wonder sometimes if they themselves are not to blame. So few of them have an object in life higher than that of merely looking attractive. They thirst after pearls, diamonds, satins, laces, furs, in fact everything which serves to detract from the natural beauty which God has given them. Where is the woman soul? They let it sleep and languish undiscovered within them. Their one desire is wealth for the decoration of their bodies. They overlook every other quality in the man who possesses it. They are guided only by the glitter of his gold. It blinds their eyes to all his hidden vices, and they stumble helplessly into his arms having attained that honorable distinction—his only legitimate concubine.

JEANETTE (*with horror*) Oh! Have you no respect to say such a thing before me!

TEMPLETON—I have more than respect; I have compassion. Perhaps I have spoken too plainly, but I wanted you to understand me clearly. Girls blush and faint too easily; their ears are too delicate. But the time has arrived when they must listen to other than sugar-coated words. This modesty is too often mistaken for virtue. Virtue means courage—not timidity; and until girls know it as such, modern marriage will continue to be little more than a trap for innocent butterflies.

JEANETTE—I am glad now that you have told me; it

has given me greater confidence than ever in Reginald. I only see now what an angel he is compared to other men. It would have been just my luck to catch one of those sea-serpents had I gone fishing for myself, but my dear good Dad has avoided that by making the selection for me.

TEMPLETON—It is beautiful that father and child should agree—if their common plan guarantees future happiness.

JEANETTE—You seem to doubt my father's judgment.

TEMPLETON—It is not impossible that fathers are *sometimes* wrong.

JEANETTE—My father? Never. I shall always do exactly as he wishes; I shall let him lead me everywhere.

TEMPLETON—You should learn to rely a little more on yourself. (*He picks up the puff of hair again.*) When I drew this from your hair, I never once thought the inside of your head was likewise not your own. Come, sit down; let us talk it over. Let us see if you can reason. (*Jeanette, somewhat reluctantly, takes the large chair again.*) Now suppose your father has chosen wrongly; suppose the man selected for your future companion doesn't really care for you at heart; suppose he is dishonorable—too dishonorable to tell you openly that he is morally unclean, and that you would consequently suffer sorrow and pain. Then your father would have to shoulder all the blame, and you would have to admit that you yourself had done nothing to avoid your own grief as well as his, but that you had walked into it willingly, blindly. Why not use your own eyes a little? Think how beautiful it would be if you could show an erring father the truth—if you could change him into a righteous man.

JEANETTE—You have started me to thinking; that is something I have never done before.

TEMPLETON—We have made a discovery!

JEANETTE—The discovery that I am nothing more than a fickle goose without a mind of my own—a simpleton dancing to any tune which others chance to whistle.

TEMPLETON—(*consolingly*) No.

JEANETTE—(*emphatically*) Yes I am, and anyone who says I am anything better is only flattering me. It's true; it's true; and you are the first person who has ever shown me what a shallow thing I am. I spoke the truth after all when I told you I was perfectly silly. (*She sobs.*)

TEMPLETON—Oh! You aren't going to cry; are you?

JEANETTE—(*lowering her head on the arm of the chair*) Yes; I shall feel the better for it.

TEMPLETON—Good! I shall give you a handkerchief. (*He reaches into his coat pocket, and unconsciously pulls out the pink stocking. Jeanette, of course, does not see it, and he lowers it quickly into the wastebasket at the side of his desk. Then he walks to the chiffonier, opens a drawer, takes out a folded handkerchief, and hands it to her.*) Here is a nice clean one. Sorry I have no perfume, but the blue border is an "awfully stunning match" to your dress.

JEANETTE—(*lifting her face and taking the handkerchief with a smile*) Thanks; I must have left mine in the car.

TEMPLETON—Your tears have washed all the powder off your nose, and I believe the freckle has gone with them.

JEANETTE—I shouldn't be surprised if it has, because I feel as though I have been changed all over.

TEMPLETON—That's splendid—have another drink of water. (*He hands her the glass, and she takes a sip or two.*) Drink more; wash away all that former frivolity. (*She empties the glass.*) There! I knew all the while there was the making of a sensible girl within you.

JEANETTE—How did you know it?

TEMPLETON—Any girl who is brave enough to enter a dark building alone is brave enough to defy custom and submission by exercising good judgment and independence.

JEANETTE—Please tell me your ideal of a girl.

TEMPLETON—(*sitting down again at his desk*) I once thought she was lost forever by the wayside, but I know she is still among us, only we do not recognize her stifling under the dust and grime which arise from this futile combat for wealth, title, and notoriety. That girl shall never die; that girl who is herself as God made her; that girl who is more than a mere body; that girl who has a living and a loving soul; whose personality surpasses her beauty; whose culture outshines her fashion; who is sensible; self-reliant; wide-awake.

JEANETTE—(*awakening*) Who are you? I have been here all this time, and have never once thought to ask.

TEMPLETON—I am the proctor—John Templeton by name.

JEANETTE—And you stay alone here in the dark?

TEMPLETON—Yes; alone.

JEANETTE—How did you happen to get here?

TEMPLETON—There is a Higher Power that sends men into the dark to help those who are stumbling there.

JEANETTE—A Higher Power?

TEMPLETON—Yes; I serve that Power by working for Light, Truth and Good.

JEANETTE—For Light?

TEMPLETON—By opening the eyes of the blind and the ignorant.

JEANETTE—For Truth?

TEMPLETON—That they may see things as they are.

JEANETTE—For Good?

TEMPLETON—That they may be restored to honor and integrity.

JEANETTE—You must be happy with such a noble task.

TEMPLETON—I am; very happy.

JEANETTE—Nothing, I suppose, could make you happier?

TEMPLETON—Yes; could I find it.

JEANETTE—(*hesitating*) What?

TEMPLETON—Co-operation: someone who is not afraid to seek and learn the truth; someone who is brave enough to fight and conquer evil; someone to share my devotion to God's work for the righteousness and happiness of His people; someone who is nearer to them, perhaps, than I; someone to call them back to honor and manliness; and to tear asunder the web they are spinning about her.

(*There is a marked silence, during which both Jeanette and Templeton are lost in mutual reflection. Then she rises suddenly from her chair, and holds out her hand.*)

JEANETTE—Good night, Mr. Templeton.

TEMPLETON—(*taking her hand firmly*) Good night; I shall go with you to the door.

JEANETTE—Please don't; I wish to go alone. I must go alone.

TEMPLETON—But the hallway is dark; I shall prepare a candle.

JEANETTE—It is not necessary. You have already given me—"The Light."

(*At this instant one of the glowing logs in the grate in Adder's room falls apart, and bursts into flame, illuminating the walls with a bright flickering light. Jeanette leaves Templeton's room, softly closing the door. He walks toward the bed, removes the Ninety-first Psalm there, carries it forward to the light, sits in the large chair, and reads it in silence. Jeanette passes the door of Adder's room. Her eyes are immediately attracted by the reflection of the firelight from the silver picture frame on his desk. She walks in, lifts up the picture, returns it, sinks into the chair, sobs aloud, and buries her face in her arms on the top of the desk. Then she lifts her head, and dries her tears with the handkerchief—the blue-bordered one from Templeton; she holds it*

at arm's length, and then raises it to her lips. Walking to the fireplace, she removes the engagement ring—Lulu's, by the way—from her finger, and drops it among the embers. She gazes dreamily into the fire for a second or two, and then leaves the room quietly.)

TEMPLETON—(reading a part of the psalm aloud)
“Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder.”

ACT III

(The fire.)

either side of the right and left arches. The general atmosphere of the room reflects the depraved tastes of Ralph Lyon himself; the paintings and statuary stand out boldly against the dark walls and heavy tapestries. Everything is elaborate but not elegant.

Mrs. Lyon is seated on the davenport, wrapped up in a shawl and working over her embroidery. Ralph Lyon, in a smoking-jacket, stands before the cellarette pouring out a glass of brandy.

MRS. LYON—Dear me; I've sewed so much, I've got a stitch in my side. *(She rises, places her fancy work on the davenport, and crosses the room to get another shade of silk from the basket under the table. She glances up at the Mona Lisa.)* I suppose a person needs a college education, Ralph, before they can admire this new oil painting. I am afraid Jeanette will have the same trouble getting me to like it that she had cultivating my taste for olives.

LYON—*(draining the glass)* It's a perfect freak of a picture, and it's as much out of place in this collection as a milkshake in a barroom. *(He returns the bottle and glass to the cellarette and closes the door rather noisily.)*

MRS. LYON—Jeanette raves about the expression of the face and the beautiful simplicity of the dress.

LYON—*(taking up the book he had left open on the circular seat)* Bosh! if she had no dress on at all, there might be something worth while looking at. *(He sits down and begins to read.)*

MRS. LYON—*(returning to the davenport)* Well, Ralph, while I do not take a great fancy to Jeanette's taste in paintings, I must say that I can't rave over yours either. I love rural pictures; if I had my way, I would have the walls covered with cows instead of "bares."

LYON—If you had your way, we would all be living

fifty miles out in the country on a farm, where there would be nothing to drink stronger than buttermilk.

MRS. LYON—I would be in heaven then, Ralph, and I know Jefferson would be in *his* glory.

LYON—Jefferson! If you would put him on a farm, he would be holding services in the barnyard trying to convert the pigs and the geese.

MRS. LYON—Poor Jeff. My heart aches for him; he is always being nagged at.

LYON—Yes. He is the cause of all the nagging in this house; if it hadn't been for him, we wouldn't have been forced to live together, and the chances are you and I would each have found a more congenial mate. (*There is a short silence, during which Mrs. Lyon brushes aside a tear.*) Oh! there's no use crying over it; what's done can't be undone. But Jefferson himself could do a lot more to make us all happier. If he would only forget this confounded missionary idea of his and be human like other boys. It will be a happy day for me when Jeanette is married to young Adder; I will at least have a son-in-law, if not a son, who will sit down and take a drink with me in the evenings.

MRS. LYON—I believe something cold has come between Jeanette and Reginald. She seems somewhat queer of late.

LYON—That's nothing; all girls get that way when they're engaged.

MRS. LYON—She has decided not to go to the Prom, and last year she was wild about it.

LYON—She will change her mind before long.

MRS. LYON—Many a girl would jump at the chance.

LYON—Just leave it to me; I will get her around to going.

MRS. LYON—Yes; you can do anything with her. She always was her father's girl. My ways have never suited her; they are too old-fashioned.

LYON—I suppose she does find you rather unprogressive. You and Jefferson make a better pair.

MRS. LYON—I do the best I can, Ralph. I was brought up in more humble surroundings, and my education was none too good. I have since done what I could to improve it. But my friends do not appeal to Jeanette. She prefers the company of yours on account of their wealth and social position. She always has been fond of display. Of course I cannot buy the pearls, the elegant furs and the valuable clothes which you shower upon her. All I can give her is a mother's love, and that, I assure you, will never grow cold whatever be her own feelings toward me.

LYON—Why she is just in the prime of life. You can't expect her to be cooped up in the house all the time with her arm around her mother's neck. Anyhow, isn't it enough that you should have Jefferson? Leave Jeanette's affection for me.

MRS. LYON—I would not for the world have it diminished in any way; it is all you have, Ralph, since my affection for you is not exactly welcome.

(Jeanette enters from behind the portieres, and descends the steps to the front bookcase. Her dress is simple and neat, and her hair is modestly arranged. It is, however, rather from the trend of her conversation that we perceive a decided turn in character. Her repartee, throughout the following scenes, is by no means restrained, and seems even rude at times. But we must not forget that, in the previous Act, she was openly made the target of much irritative—however helpful—criticism, and it is only natural that she, who heretofore has displayed little if any self-control, should attack revengefully those for whom she has unknowingly served as puppet. In fact, we see her in a transient state; Templeton's message has awakened in her a powerful sentiment, but her motives are as yet irrational.)

LYON—*(being the first to observe her)* We have just been discussing you, Jeanette.

JEANETTE—I trust nothing but good things were said, Father.

MRS. LYON—It was about the Prom, Jeanette.

LYON—Mother said you were thinking about omitting it this year from your calendar of festivities.

JEANETTE—Yes; I shall.

LYON—Why?

JEANETTE—Oh, I have outgrown dancing. I have decided it is all so very silly—one just goes round and round in circles and never gets anywhere. I am going to spend my winter evenings reading good literature. (*She glances over the books on the shelves.*) We used to have a copy of Emerson.

LYON—Emerson! Bosh! (*He holds up the book he has in his hand.*) Why don't you read some of those short French stories? (*He points to the further bookcase.*) There are one hundred volumes at your command, each and every one filled with spicy exciting tales.

JEANETTE—(*still searching for her book*) It had a green binding. Do you happen to know where it is, Mother?

MRS. LYON—It is not on that shelf, dear; they are all my books on farming and cattle-raising. Very likely you will find it on the shelf below.

JEANETTE—(*taking a book and opening it*) Yes; here it is. I have opened it to the very thing I wanted—an essay on Self-Reliance.

LYON—(*returning to the original conversation*) But then, Jeanette, aside from the dancing, look at the many acquaintances you will miss—wealthy young men from all parts of the country.

JEANETTE—My coterie is quite extensive as it is, Father, as far as wealthy young men are concerned; I know enough of these handsome faces and fur-lined coats who are spending their fathers' incomes.

LYON—You have found them entertaining; haven't you?

JEANETTE—(*slowly turning over the pages of her book*) Yes. They know how to be deliciously sociable; they can play both bridge and golf; they can dance like fairies; they are very gallant and remarkably well versed in the art of flattery and—well, that's about all. (*She sits down in the reading chair.*)

LYON—You admire such accomplishments; don't you?

JEANETTE—Yes; if there is something really worth while to go with them,—but all garnish and no meat makes Jack a deceit.

LYON—Well, what more do you want them to have?

JEANETTE—Ambition; at least one grain of it. They don't even know they have such a thing as a brain.

LYON—They are attending college; aren't they?

JEANETTE—Yes; I, too, went through that refining process.

LYON—And look what it has made of you.

JEANETTE—Yes; look. A perfect lady who can ride horseback and say "*Parlez vous Français?*" but who hasn't enough common-sense to thread a needle. What a fine thing it would be if Miss Martinot would abolish her course in æsthetic dancing, and teach the girls how to bake a cake.

LYON—(*teasing her*) Why you are a splendid little cook, Jeanette; I shall never forget that *marble* cake you baked last summer.

MRS. LYON—(*who has been enjoying the conversation in silence*) Don't discourage the poor girl by bringing that up again.

LYON—Bringing it up! I never got mine down.

JEANETTE—And it is just the same with the young man who attends college: he can't apply what he has learned to making dough, either, and consequently he must live on his father's roll.

LYON—Men don't go to college to learn how to make

money ; they go to learn how to spend it. The college education is intended for gentlemen only.

JEANETTE—Yes. In Freshman year they study Geometry, and learn the proper length for trousers and the correct angle for the hat ; in Sophomore year they study Chemistry, and learn how to generate hot air ; in Junior year they study History, and learn the laws of chivalry and the art of keeping dates ; in Senior year they study Botany, and learn how to grow a mustache. Educated—Q. E. D.

MRS. LYON—What does that mean, Jeanette ? That Q. E. D. ?

JEANETTE—Queasy Effeminate Dudes. That is the type of young man Father wants me to meet. Well, I have had enough of them, and from now on, I want associates who are really of some use in this world—people who are doing it some good—people with the higher and nobler thought.

LYON—You don't mean poets and preachers ; do you ? Good Lord, don't encourage their calling at the house ; one is enough in the family. Let us have more *real* men like Mr. Adder ; he is my ideal.

JEANETTE—He was mine also at one time, but quite fortunately I changed my mind before it was too late. (Lyon drops his book, and Mrs. Lyon stops sewing, but Jeanette starts to read her Emerson without noticing the astonishment caused by her remark.)

LYON—Why, Jeanette, what do you mean ?

JEANETTE—I mean that I no longer desire his company.

LYON—There must be a reason.

JEANETTE—(*closing her book emphatically*) There is : Mr. Adder is only the husband *you* have selected for me ; he is not the man of *my* choice.

LYON — (*rising*) What difference does that make ? Doesn't he come from an aristocratic family ? Isn't he wealthy ? Isn't he a fine fellow in every way ?

JEANETTE—You may think so, but not I.

LYON—(*angrily*) It matters little what you think; in fact, you don't how to think, and that is why I had to find a husband for you. You will marry Mr. Adder, or not marry at all.

JEANETTE—(*rising quickly*) That is a question which I shall decide. In one thing, at least, a girl should have her own way, and that is in choosing the man with whom she must live, side by side, for the rest of her lifetime—the man on whom all her future happiness depends. I cannot sacrifice that happiness just to please you; the only way I *can* please you and make you happy is to acquire happiness first for myself. Your choice would bring me nothing but grief. Later you will justify me for having returned Mr. Adder's engagement ring.

LYON—(*stunned*) What! You have returned his ring?

JEANETTE—Yes.

LYON—(*unable to restrain himself*) You young idiot! Have you lost your head?

JEANETTE—(*calmly*) No; I have acquired one.

(*Jeanette walks up the steps reading her essay. Her parents stare at her in silence and astonishment. Then, Mrs. Lyon, smiling in admiration, resumes her sewing, while the father, white with rage, paces up and down the floor.*)

MRS. LYON—I wonder what has come over the child.

LYON—The devil has gotten into her; she's bewitched.

MRS. LYON—There's something at the bottom of it—

LYON—And I'll thrash it out. There must be a very good reason made clear to me before I'll allow this state of affairs to continue. We can't let such a fine chap escape from the family. I shall have him come to the house to-night, and we will learn the whole situation. (*He reflects for a few moments.*) I've got it: I'll 'phone to him and ask him over for a few rubbers of bridge.

(He ascends the steps, and leaves the room. Morris appears at the entrance-hall arch.)

MORRIS—Mrs. Dearborn Hunter.

MRS. LYON—*(rising, removing her shawl, folding it and hanging it across the back of the davenport)* I suppose it's too early to say I have retired, so I shall have to endure her. Let it in, Morris.

(Morris leaves, and we immediately hear Mrs. Hunter's tongue before she makes her appearance. She enters, and throws her cape on the circular seat, displaying a very showy evening gown, cut extremely low in the front and even more so in the back. Her coiffure is most outlandish, her arms and fingers are groaning with jewelry, and her face is besmeared with powder and paint.)

MRS. HUNTER—Good evening, Dearie. How fortunate to find you home! I invited myself over to spend the whole evening; I knew you would be delighted. *(She greets Mrs. Lyon with a kiss, and stands, facing the conservatory, so that we cannot fail to observe her posterior exposure.)* It's a very cold night; isn't it? My back is almost frozen in spite of the fact that I have changed to my heaviest underwear. You don't mind my taking a little brandy; do you?

MRS. LYON—*(returning to the davenport)* Not at all. Perhaps you would like a shawl also?

MRS. HUNTER—*(opening the cellarette)* No; thank you, Dearie. I'll be warmed up directly. *(She pours out a glass of liquor.)* Won't you join me?

MRS. LYON—No, indeed; Ralph does all the drinking for the whole house.

MRS. HUNTER—What a lucky man! How I envy him! *(She drinks, and then reads the label on the bottle.)* Hennessy—Three Star. My, but that is elegant. *(She quickly takes a second glass, and then returns the bottle to the cel-*

larette.) Mr. Hunter buys me such cheap truck; it tastes like dish water, and he limits me to three bottles a week,—but I manage to have a few extras smuggled in. This Hennessy makes me feel like a girl in her teens. (*She lifts up her skirt, displaying a pair of brilliant lavender stockings, and, humming a sensual waltz, she dances frivolously about the room, stopping suddenly before the portrait of Mona Lisa.*) Oh! you've got a new picture—Rembrandt's *Mona Lisa*—the most remarkable *Selbsbildniss* ever painted.

MRS. LYON—(*taking up her fancy work again*) I must try and remember that; it will please Jeanette to hear me say it.

MRS. HUNTER—(*examining the painting more closely with her lorgnette*) I saw the original in Rome last summer. It hangs beside Paul Potter's *Bull* in St. Paul's Cathedral.

MRS. LYON—If it were only a bull's picture instead! Rural pictures are more to my taste. Jeanette thinks it is wonderful, but I cannot make myself like it.

MRS. HUNTER—(*walking over to the davenport, and sitting down beside Mrs. Lyon*) How pitiful! But, without wishing to appear rude, I should correct a false impression: Paul Potter's *Bull*, Dearie, is not that kind of a bull; it is a *fac simile* of one of the bulls edicted by Pope Leo, I believe, in regard to the Church of England. You surely didn't suppose they would hang a Holstein in a Cathedral. Let me think: is it Holstein or Holbein? I've forgotten; but you should really do more to cultivate your taste in art, Dearie. Have you subscribed for the opera?

MRS. LYON—No; only for *Country Life* and *Collier's*.

MRS. HUNTER—I was referring to the opera season, Dearie. Mr. DePeyster took me the other night. Mary Garden appeared in *The Countess of Hoffmann*: her voice was truly remarkable, and her acting was perfect, but her *coloratura*—oh! it didn't fit well at all. To-morrow night we are going to hear *Thais* with Slezak in the title rôle;

they say her voice is so womanly and tender. I suppose you would be bored by it all, Dearie?

MRS. LYON—I would far rather hear a cow bawl; there's more tune to it.

MRS. HUNTER—If I could only persuade you to forget that dairy farm. Really, Dearie, you should strive to admire the anæsthetic,—but you are exactly like Mr. Hunter. He prefers the lighter operas like *Salome*, and the more frivolous performers like Bernhardt and Fritzi Scheff. I simply can't stand them; Bernhardt is so fleshy, and Fritzi—oh! I think it's frightful how low she wears her gowns. The truth about Mr. Hunter is: he doesn't know what he wants. He's getting to be such a terrible bore. He's asleep half the time; our evenings are so dull, and if I try to amuse him with my conversation he takes up his hat and coat, and goes to the club. It is really the best thing for the poor fellow to do. It is only right that we should live as individuals; what's pleasure for wife cannot always be pleasure for husband. Anyhow, happy marriages are quite out of fashion, and if one is out of fashion one might just as well be dead.

(Jeanette walks down the steps, and stands behind the davenport unnoticed. She still has her book under her arm. Mrs. Lyon continues to sew, and Mrs. Hunter continues to talk.)

I have found a most entertaining companion in Mr. Chauncey Everit DePeyster; he's such a jolly fellow—so brilliant and so witty. When Mr. Hunter goes to the club I just 'phone to Chauncey. He has never once refused an invitation. He is Mr. Adder's roommate; you know. I often tell him to bring *that* young gentleman along, but *he* seems to have other interests. *(She places her head a little nearer to Mrs. Lyon's, and lowers the tone of her voice.)* I really shouldn't repeat it, but Chauncey tells me Adder has a terrible crush on a certain chorus girl he calls Lulu. *(Mrs. Lyon stops sewing. Her face takes on a look of surprise, but Jeanette taps her*

lightly on the shoulder, and she resumes her sewing, listening more attentively to the remarks of her visitor, but showing the same outward disinterest as heretofore.) He follows her all around the neighboring towns on one-night stands, and each time brings back a pair of her stockings to decorate his room at the dormitory. (*She slaps Mrs. Lyon on the thigh, and laughs coarsely.*) It's too bad he must associate with such vulgar material, but, after hard study all day long, I suppose the young men need something to refresh them, and for that reason I do all that is in my power for Chauncey. (*Jeanette steps forward from her place of vantage.*) Ah! good evening, Miss Jeanette. What makes you look so queer, child? Oh! it's your hair. I don't like it at all—so painfully simple.

MRS. LYON—But very natural.

MRS. HUNTER—And yet so unbecoming. Chauncey admired mine so warmly last night.

JEANETTE—Of course. Men are all that way. They admire anything extreme; they would twist their heads off their shoulders to gloat after a hobble skirt, and that is just the reason so many girls wear them. They are just as bad as the men; they will wear anything to attract attention.

MRS. HUNTER—Don't forget that your own creations this fall were the talk of the town; even doty Mr. Hunter—to say nothing of the younger set—used to remark over the opportunity they gave you to display your stunning figure.

JEANETTE—Yes, but I have made a resolution to masquerade no more. I shall dress modestly and simply, and if men are going to admire me, it must be for what there is in me, and not for mere externalities.

MRS. HUNTER—(*to Mrs. Lyon*) What a change has come over your daughter, Dearie!

MRS. LYON—A change which I very much admire.

MRS. HUNTER—Where did you get your ideas, Jeanette?

JEANETTE—From yonder picture—*Mona Lisa*. She is divinely beautiful: her graceful hands are unmarred by rings; her hair could have no gentler an arrangement, and her dress is simplicity itself.

MRS. HUNTER—Then what is it that makes her beautiful?

JEANETTE—Her personality—her inner self—her soul.

MRS. HUNTER—How can an artist paint what he cannot see? Her *inner* self?

JEANETTE—Leonardo did not paint what he saw. He produced in form and color the influence which her spiritual being had upon him. Each quality, good or bad, that dwells within us can be expressed in the human face. The character of *Mona Lisa* is portrayed in her countenance, and there one reads the sweetness and the purity of her soul.

MRS. HUNTER—But the whole make-up is ridiculously plain.

JEANETTE—Only those of us who have hard faces must put them in the shadow of an absurd overhanging hair-dress, and cover over with paint and cosmetics the lines which sin and abuse have stamped upon them.

MRS. HUNTER—You had better beware, Dearie, lest Jeanette end her days in a convent.

JEANETTE—I am not joking, Mrs. Hunter; I am serious.

MRS. HUNTER—I should say you are: If you are not careful, you will be consumed by your own ideals.

JEANETTE—(*sitting in the reading chair, and opening her book*) A condition to which some of us have already been reduced.

(*Mrs. Hunter conceals a slight embarrassment under a forced laugh. Morris again appears at the entrance-hall arch.*)

MORRIS—Mr. Adder and Mr. DePeyster.

(*He leaves, and the two men enter.*)

MRS. HUNTER—(*rushing to meet DePeyster*) Ah! my dear Mr. DePeyster, what a pleasure for you to find me here! (*She takes his hand, and they engage in conversation unnoticed by the others.*)

ADDER—(*offering his hand*) Good evening, Mrs. Lyon.

MRS. LYON—(*rising, taking it somewhat coolly, and sitting down again*) Good evening.

ADDER—(*extending his hand to Jeanette*) Good evening, Jeanette.

JEANETTE—(*rising, and returning her book to the shelf*) Good evening, Mr. Adder. It is a very cold night; isn't it?

ADDER—(*dropping his hand*) Rather.

(*Jeanette walks toward the davenport, and, standing behind it, she stoops over and places her arms lovingly about her mother's neck. Neither of them speak, but during their silence, in which they seem unconscious of the presence and actions of the others, a feeling of tender affection and mutual concord passes between them.*)

Adder removes the same book which Jeanette had returned to the shelf.)

ADDER—(*turning over the pages*) Wealth....Character....Behavior....Compensation. (*He closes the book, and returns it.*) Compensation?

(*Ralph Lyon appears at the head of the steps, unfolding a card table.*)

LYON—Good evening, everybody.

MRS. HUNTER—(*leaving DePeyster and crossing the room to take Lyon's hand*) Why, good evening, Ralphie.

LYON—(*patting her boldly on the back with his left hand*) You're looking finer than ever, Lottie. Just in time for our bridge party. You may play Mrs. Lyon's hand; she makes such a dry partner anyway.

MRS. HUNTER—(*reaching up to straighten his necktie*)

Sorry, but I really must go. I hadn't intended staying long. There is no one at home; Mr. Hunter has gone to the club.

LYON—(*taking her arm*) I shall walk over with you.

MRS. HUNTER—(*chucking him under the chin*) Not to-night, Ralphie; I have already granted the permission to Mr. DePeyster.

(*Mrs. Hunter turns to look in the direction of DePeyster, who has been standing statuelike on the same spot since his entrance. He meets her glance with a ceremonious bow. Mrs. Hunter exchanges a few confidential words with Lyon, while Adder, who has been glancing over the names of books on the shelves, crosses over to meet DePeyster on mention of his name.*)

ADDER—(*aside*) I brought you along to defend me; didn't I? You *must* stay, Chaunce.

DEPEYSTER—But, Addy dear, I must be courteous to the ladies; Mrs. Hunter has first claim to me.

MRS. HUNTER—Good night, Ralphie. Good night, Mr. Adder. Good night, Dearie. (*then sarcastically to Jeanette*) Good night, Sister Beatrice.

(*DePeyster throws the cape over Mrs. Hunter's shoulders, and they glide out through the entrance-hall.*)

LYON—Well, there are still enough of us left for an interesting game. (*He places the card table.*) Mrs. Lyon and I will play you and Jeanette, Reginald—if that is agreeable to all.

ADDER—I am well pleased with the arrangement.

LYON—And you, Jeanette?

JEANETTE—(*removing her arms from her mother's neck*) Absolutely indifferent, Father.

LYON—And, of course, Mother is always satisfied with anything.

MRS. LYON—But in the game we play to-night, she prefers to be on her daughter's side.

LYON—(*shuffling the cards*) We shall decide it by cut.

MRS. LYON—The cut has already been made.

LYON—What do you mean, Mother?

MRS. LYON—I see no reason why we should lead up to it gradually. What we wish to decide is whether or not Mr. Adder is a fit companion for our daughter.

LYON—(*dropping the cards*) You are too previous.

ADDER—I came here with the intention of playing bridge. Mr. Lyon 'phoned to me that Jeanette, in particular, extended a cordial invitation. If you find yourselves indisposed, I shall gladly leave, and pardon your breach.

LYON—I am sorry, Mr. Adder, that this question should come up so soon.

ADDER—Soon! I infer then that the object of this deal after all has been to trap me.

JEANETTE—I wish you to understand, Mr. Adder, that this bridge party is no affair of mine. I was entirely unaware of your coming.

MRS. LYON—No; Jeanette had not planned it. It is simply a scheme of Mr. Lyon's to get you here.

JEANETTE—I would hardly consider it a polite one. I believe in informing both my guests and my family as to the nature of my entertainment so they may come prepared. I assure you, Mr. Adder, that I have also been trapped, but I am not afraid to fight for freedom.

LYON—Come, come, don't take it so seriously. (*He taps Adder on the shoulder.*) What we wish, my good friend, is simply an understanding about the relation between you and our daughter.

ADDER—That is a matter which she alone can explain. All I can say is that I love her loyally, and am entirely unable to fathom the recent change in her feeling toward me.

JEANETTE—Pardon my interruption, Sir, but I must contradict your statement, for you are *not* loyal, and your most ardent declaration will fail to make me think otherwise.

ADDER—Then what would you have me do to prove my sincerity?

JEANETTE—Nothing; do not ponder on what you *should do*, but recall what you *have done*.

ADDER—I still plead ignorance.

JEANETTE—I will not believe you. I cannot see why my insinuations should amuse you this way. I only regret that our friendship lasted as long as it did, and that it had been founded on false devotion.

ADDER—I do wish you would make things clearer, Jeanette.

JEANETTE—I have been your plaything long enough; please do not torment me further. If you have any respect for me and for my parents, you will favor us with an open confession.

LYON—Jeanette is probably making a lot over nothing. What's the matter, Adder? Have you been looking at the moon with another girl?

JEANETTE—I am not so narrow-minded as you would have us infer, Father; my plea is not jealousy. I would not have denied Mr. Adder the pleasure of other girls' company provided that pleasure was decent.

ADDER—What in the world are you leading up to? Is this idle fancy, or have your ears fallen prey to gossip? But go on; continue the bridge party; make your grand slam.

JEANETTE—Admit it yourself; I shall say no more.

ADDER—You needn't; I see through it all: your brother—Jefferson—has played me false after he swore to keep his promise.

LYON—Quite likely; he brings about more trouble and discontent than a nest of yellow jackets.

JEANETTE—My brother has told me nothing.

ADDER—(*facing* Mrs. Lyon) Then he has told your mother.

MRS. LYON—My son has said absolutely nothing to me, but I can well understand my daughter's attitude by what I have heard from another source.

ADDER—From whom?

MRS. LYON—From Mrs. Dearborn Hunter—the village gossip. Believe me, if *her* ears are open, it doesn't take long for her mouth to follow suit.

ADDER—And where did she hear it?

MRS. LYON—From your closest friend—your roommate—Mr. DePeyster.

ADDER—Then both of them had good reason for departing, but they would do well to better their own morals before advertising mine.

LYON—Well, I haven't heard yet what it's all about. What are we wrangling over anyhow?

ADDER—Simply this, Mr. Lyon: I took supper once or twice with a chorus girl.

LYON—(*laughing aloud*) You women paint everything as big as a house. Why there is nothing wrong with Mr. Adder's behavior; the month before I married was the gayest time of my life—to say nothing of the frolics, unknown to mother, which followed the nuptial flight.

MRS. LYON—Ralph, it is nothing to boast of before Jeanette.

JEANETTE—(*sinking down on the davenport*) I am sorry, so sorry, to learn of it.

ADDER—Don't judge me, Jeanette, before you know a little more about your own father. Not so long ago, when DePeyster called on Mrs. Hunter, he told me he interrupted something more than a dinner party between her and (*He pokes Lyon gently in the ribs.*) this old boy.

JEANETTE—(*hiding her face in her arm on the back of the davenport*) Oh!

LYON—(*tickling Adder in the side*) Yes; great joke, wasn't it?

MRS. LYON—Lest both of you have forgotten, I should like to remind you of the fact that what you are saying, you are saying before my daughter.

LYON—Bosh! We will never make any headway unless we speak plainly; we will have to forget our modesty for a while, and discuss these affairs to see if they are so damned—

MRS. LYON—(*quickly*) Ralph! My ears have often been pained by your language on occasions when I could excuse you; a man is not responsible for what he says when he is under the influence of drink, but I always hoped my husband could be a gentleman—at least when sober.

LYON—(*hotly*) Don't dictate to me. I am the boss in this house, and I know my business. Jeanette has got to learn plainly that men are all alike—they must have their little frolics on the side.

ADDER—Even Templeton, who is on duty to keep his eye on us at the dormitory, is not the angel we thought he was. On Halloween, when our fraternity was in session, and the whole house in total darkness, a girl was observed to slip in from the street, and the next morning the janitor found a puff of her hair on Templeton's desk and one of her stockings in his wastebasket.

(*Jeanette's head slips from her arm, and she collapses on the davenport, unobserved by the others.*)

LYON—Ha, ha, ha—and that's the goody-goody who sleeps with the Ninety-first Psalm over his head! One of these people with the higher and nobler thought—as Jeanette puts it. (*He turns about and faces her.*) You see, Daughter, you are going to have a hard time finding these good, pure people you are preaching about. Don't you think you had better call off the quarrel, and shake hands with Reginald? Give him a nice kiss, and make everything right again.

ADDER—Yes, Jeanette. (*He puts his arm about her waist. The touch of it has the effect of a stimulant; she immediately regains strength and courage.*)

JEANETTE—(*rising and freeing herself from his embrace*) Don't touch me. I can never like you or come near you again, and even if I could, I would have no place in your heart—you who removed my picture from the very frame in which I gave it to you and replaced it with an obscene portrait of your shameless mistress.

ADDER—Has Mrs. Hunter told you that also?

JEANETTE—No; I have seen it with my own eyes.

ADDER—When? Not while you were at the reception.

JEANETTE—(*openly*) No; it was the following night—Halloween.

ADDER—(*triumphantly*) Oh! ho! Then it was you—our little Virgin Mary—who made the night call on Templeton.

LYON—Jeanette!

MRS. LYON—(*taking her hand*) No.

ADDER—(*scornfully to Jeanette*) You clever little hypocrite. You charming little hussy. (*then to all*) I suppose this gilt-edge Lyon family thought they were playing a pretty trick when they invited me to their bridge party to-night, but I hope they have discovered that their supposedly uninformed guests also had a trump up his sleeve. Now, that he has exposed his hand, the family can decide the game among themselves, while the dummy withdraws, wishing a merry good evening to the whole pack.

(*Adder struts from the room, and a few seconds later the door of the entrance-hall closes with a violent slam.*

Ralph Lyon stands spell-bound, staring at Jeanette, who remains speechless but firm.)

LYON—(*after a short but awful silence*) Well, Miss Jeanette, have you nothing to say?

MRS. LYON—Speak, Jeanette; speak. Your mother will believe every word. Come; answer your father.

JEANETTE—(*with emotion*) My father? My father? You call yourself my father; do you? You—you who stand

there, and let these words pass the lips of such a cad; you—you who allow your daughter to be vilely insulted and dragged to this level of shame and indecency—you—you—and you make not even an attempt to strike down the heartless liar—you—you call yourself *my* father.

LYON—(*unmoved*) I have listened to your side of the story; I must also listen to his. Your behavior of late, Jeanette, leads me to believe you are involved in a matter which weighs heavily on your mind. Your mother, too, has noticed it. Perhaps Mr. Adder has opened our eyes, and it remains for you to change the light in which I fear I already hold you.

JEANETTE—You mean you are not only going to submit to hearing him, but you are even going to believe him?

LYON—And why shouldn't I?

JEANETTE—Because your appetites run wanton, because you indulge in shameless pleasures, then you are going to place me in the same light just because I am *your* child?

LYON—Until you vindicate yourself in some way or other, I shall consider you a disgrace to the family.

JEANETTE—I—a disgrace to the family? I? And what have *you* done, and what are *you* doing to honor it? Your own tongue blabs your disgraceful behavior, and only now I see that your face also portrays it. Your tastes confirm it. And yet, dissatisfied with the atmosphere in which you have already enveloped our home by lavishing your *father's* money on articles that reek with lust, you scheme, through me as a medium, to bring into our midst a son-in-law whose deeds are as (*She pauses a second or two, and then adds explosively:*) filthy as your own.

LYON—Silence! Don't repeat to me again the faults which every man enjoys. The world knows all that, and still treats him with respect.

JEANETTE—Yes; men can be lifted from a public street, where they lie exhausted and stupefied from over-

indulgence; and the next day, even those who have seen them there, are ready to forgive and forget. But let a single irresponsible person gossip falsely about a girl or a woman, and the whole world stands up and bellows her disgrace.

LYON—If Adder's report is false, it remains for you to prove it so, and I shall give you a fair chance. You must answer all my questions with no help or sympathy from your mother. I shall ask *her* to leave the room.

MRS. LYON—No; I *must* stay with Jeanette.

LYON—(*sternly*) Leave the room. I command you.

(*Mrs. Lyon loses her courage, and leaves the room, weeping. Lyon begins an examination in which Jeanette's entire narrative is heartlessly misinterpreted to accord with the verdict which her father has already drawn up in his own depraved mind.*)

LYON—Now, on Halloween, mother was out of town, and I went over to Hunter's to play bridge, leaving you here alone. Why did you leave the house?

JEANETTE—I received a message on the 'phone.

LYON—From whom?

JEANETTE—From Jefferson.

LYON—Your brother? Where was he?

JEANETTE—At the dormitory—at least I think so.

LYON—What was the message?

JEANETTE—He called for help, saying he had been drugged in Mr. Adder's room.

LYON—Most women are clever liars, but those of your invention drop from an inexperienced tongue. Do you expect your father to believe that?

JEANETTE—I could scarcely believe it myself; it did not even sound like Jefferson's voice.

LYON—Have you seen him since?

JEANETTE—No, and I think it is queer, too, that he hasn't been home to mention it.

LYON—Not queer at all; the chances are, Jeff knows

nothing about it. Your story is hard to believe, but go on. What did you do?

JEANETTE—The chauffeur wasn't here, so I cranked the engine myself, and ran the car madly up to the dormitory.

LYON—Yes; you have better control of the wheels that are *outside* of your head. Continue.

JEANETTE—The building was in complete darkness, but the front door was open, unlocked. I stumbled through the dark hall until I came to a door with a light in it.

LYON—Who was there?

JEANETTE—It was Mr. Templeton's room. I told him about the message, and we searched Mr. Adder's room together, but found no sign of Jefferson.

LYON—Of course not. And what had Templeton to say?

JEANETTE—He said it was probably a Halloween joke.

LYON—Yes; he is a little more clever than you are. Are you quite sure, my young lady, that the strange voice over the 'phone was not—Templeton's?

JEANETTE—Absurd. Why would he do such a thing?

LYON—He very likely saw you the night before at the reception, took a liking to you—just as everybody does—and thought this was a splendid chance to get more intimately acquainted.

JEANETTE—How can you conceive the like?

LYON—(*in bold conceit*) I? Ha, I have devised schemes by far more clever when I myself had the same *hunch* in mind. Well, then what happened?

JEANETTE—We returned to Mr. Templeton's room.

LYON—Why didn't you come home immediately?

JEANETTE—I was too nervous to run the car. He asked me to sit down and rest.

LYON—How long did you stay?

JEANETTE—I have no idea; our talk grew so interesting.

LYON—Interesting, eh?

JEANETTE—Yes; he told me plainly what other men have never dared to breathe before me.

LYON—I can imagine.

JEANETTE—At times I thought he was bold to do so, but I soon realized that his every word was truth, and I desired to hear more and more.

LYON—Yes; such things are always exciting to the innocent.

JEANETTE—A queer feeling came over me as though I were being born into a new life; his revelation made me the happiest girl alive. I was so happy, I cried—I couldn't help but love him for it.

LYON—You love *him*?

JEANETTE—(*seriously*) Yes; from that moment my heart and soul were his.

(*Jeanette's night visit, in the sense her father sees it, appears after all, to a man of his conduct, as an act of common—although concealed—occurrence, calling for little, if any, serious disapproval. Up to this point, the interview has furnished him considerable amusement, as indicated by his sportive manner. But when Jeanette confesses in all seriousness a real and profound love for the man he despises, then her father's former composure gives way to an animal fury.*)

LYON—This common pauper who hasn't a cent of inheritance to his name, or a drop of respectable blood in his veins! This lunatic who has crossed my path once before by inveigling Jefferson into the mission, and now shatters my control over you by turning your hollow head with his damnable nonsense!

JEANETTE—It matters little to me what you care to call him. I shall love him in spite of all you say or think.

LYON—I understand now why you have discarded Mr. Adder: Not on account of his relation to other women, but

because he was not more familiar with you. You were too ignorant to recognize his great respect for you, but when this hypocrite of a preacher lured you into his chamber, and initiated you into the very thing from which Adder was trying to shield your purity—you thought *that* was love.

JEANETTE—(*gasping*) You misunderstand me; you are misunderstanding everything. I love this man because he has led me from blind existence into real happiness.

LYON—Ha, I know this real happiness with false hair flying about the room.

JEANETTE—He but playfully removed the puff from my hair.

LYON—(*creeping close to her like a beast upon its prey, as if trying to hypnotize her into admitting what he believes passed between them*) That is: He took down your hair?

JEANETTE—(*gradually becoming hysterical*) Don't say that; don't, I say.

LYON—The stocking was next in order.

JEANETTE—(*grasping the arm of the davenport*) How can you? How can you?

LYON—And then—

JEANETTE—Stop; for God's sake, stop.

(*Jeanette sways and then falls upon the davenport, her body shaking convulsively with her loud sobbing.*)

LYON—(*without mercy*) Ah, you fall before me, and hide your face. By this action, you confess your guilt; am I right? (*There is no answer, only sobs.*) Answer me. (*He seizes her roughly by the arm.*) Are you this man's mistress? Yes or no?

JEANETTE—(*rising defiantly before him*) To such a question I shall never answer. If my father's mind is so polluted that he cannot decide for himself as to the decency of his own daughter, then he may live in doubt forever.

LYON—Jeanette, until you are ready to confess to me, I do not care to see your lying face; I do not care to hear your

lying voice. I disown you. (*He points to the street.*) There's the door. Go!

(*He ascends the steps, turns the electric-light key at the door, and disappears behind the portieres. The room is filled with a flood of silver moonlight pouring in through the conservatory and the entrance-hall. Jeanette stands motionless until she hears her father close his bedroom door angrily. Then she walks to the foot of the steps, and faces the dark archway.*)

JEANETTE—I despise you. I loathe you. I do not care to be the daughter of so blind and so vile a man, nor shall you claim me as such until you open your eyes to the truth, and proclaim my innocence with your own lips. I shall not live under your roof. I shall not come near you. When you are fit to see me, you must seek me, and for you I shall wait. I shall wait long perhaps, but not in vain. You must come. You *will* come.

(*She takes her mother's shawl from the davenport, and throws it over her shoulders. She crosses the floor, and pauses for a few moments in the doorway of the entrance-hall where, for an instant, we see the moonlight playing on her beautiful and innocent face. Then she disappears under the cover of night.*)

There is a long and restful silence like the calm after a storm. Then comes a loud crash of breaking glass in the conservatory. A man, half staggering and half crawling, feels his way through the palms into the living-room. He falls against one of the large statues, sending it to the floor in pieces. He himself lies there exhausted.

The noise brings Lyon from his room. He appears between the portieres with a revolver. He fires at the crouching form in the moonlight. His aim proves good, and the victim wails, "They have shot me. They have shot me.")

LYON—My God! is it you, Jefferson?

JEFFERSON—Yes; it's Jefferson.

LYON—(*helping him to the davenport*) And I have shot you?

JEFFERSON—No; you didn't do it, Dad. You didn't do it. *They* did it.

LYON—Who?

JEFFERSON—The mocking fiends—there they are—see them—there—all standing in a row—pointing at me—laughing at me—look at their grinning faces. But they've got me now—they've got me now—they chased me everywhere—when I ran home, they followed me—I thought I was safe, but they shot me after I got in—*they* did it—I know they did—you didn't do it, Dad—they did it. (*He grasps his father's hand.*) You're all right, Dad—you're all right—it's the fiends that do all the evil.

LYON—The boy is mad.

(*Mrs. Lyon enters greatly excited.*)

MRS. LYON—What is wrong, Ralph? What is wrong?

LYON—Go to Jeanette's room, and tell her to come down at once. Telephone for the doctor immediately.

(*She leaves.*)

JEFFERSON—Was that mother?

LYON—Yes.

JEFFERSON—(*serenely*) Mother is an angel, Dad. Dear darling Mother—and now they have shot me, and I can't go with her on the farm—on dear Mother's farm—the fiends couldn't have followed me there; could they, Dad?

LYON—How long have you been this way, Jeff?

JEFFERSON—They forced me to drink brandy—the fiends—that was the beginning—I thought they were drugging me, and I called for help over the telephone—I called to Jeanette.

LYON—My God! The girl is innocent!

JEFFERSON—That was a long time ago—that was the

start, Dad, and I couldn't get enough—couldn't get enough—it was drink, drink, drink—I was ashamed to come home—ashamed—ashamed.

MRS. LYON—(*entering*) It is Jefferson I hear.

LYON—Yes; it is Jefferson, and he is dying from drink.

MRS. LYON—Dying?

LYON—Yes; don't turn on the lights—I cannot bear to look him in the face.

JEFFERSON—Let me see Mother; let me hold her hand.

MRS. LYON—(*on her knees before the davenport*) Poor Jefferson—my boy.

JEFFERSON—Away, you filthy woman. You and your kind are the cause of all this.

LYON—O God!

JEFFERSON—It was for you they tried to make me lie to Jeanette—you are Adder's mistress. Away, vulgar prostitute!

MRS. LYON—Jefferson! Jefferson!

LYON—He has lost his mind. (*He wrings his hands.*) Where is Jeanette? Why doesn't she come?

MRS. LYON—Her room is dark and vacant. I could find her nowhere.

LYON—You mean she has left the house? O God! What have I done? Lost both my children—I have driven out my daughter, and have shot my own son. (*He walks to the conservatory and back.*)

MRS. LYON—Ralph! *You—you shot him?*

LYON—I mistook him for a burglar, and I fired.

MRS. LYON—Oh, Jefferson, my poor boy!

LYON—(*standing behind the davenport*) Slain by his father's hand. (*He covers his face, and moans.*)

JEFFERSON—(*trying to rise*) No, no, I tell you you're all right, Dad. *They* did it—the grinning apes—why don't you chase them out—they are making fun of me, and laughing at my pain (*He groans aloud.*)—don't let them see me

die—put them out, Dad—for God's sake, put them out—they have always been in the house—they were after you, Dad, but they shot me instead—I am dying for you, Dad—thank God, I have saved you—I have saved you.

(After a few moments of intense agony, Jefferson passes away in his mother's arms. Lyon, as if transformed to stone, stands in silence behind the davenport gazing off into empty space. A dim light steals across his face, causing it to stand out in contrast with the surrounding darkness. Nothing is heard except the deep sobs of the mother, who rests her head upon the lifeless body of her son. After a while, she slowly lifts her face toward her husband.)

MRS. LYON—He is dead, Ralph,—our little missionary.

LYON—*(clasping her hand over the body of their dead son)* Yes, Martha; dead, but he has performed the mission assigned him by God—he has converted his father's soul.

(The light on Ralph Lyon's face grows gradually brighter. His countenance, once symbolic of evil and defilement, is now radiant with Truth.)

ACT IV

(The lens unmelted.)

ACT IV

The scene shows a corner and two walls of a room in a small cottage. The most noticeable feature of the room is an extraordinarily large window in the right and longer wall—so large in fact that we imagine the entire wall has been cut away to give the inmates a complete panoramic view of the surrounding country, which is temporarily hidden by the heavy fog preceding the dawn of an early Spring morning. The window is open, and the low sill is covered with potted plants bearing numerous colored blossoms. Below the sill there is a long window-seat with bright pillows; to the left are shelves filled with books. These shelves extend to the corner and beyond to a door in the left and shorter wall; a few busts and some stone jars filled with wild flowers adorn the tops of them. A small table stands against the wall on the other side of the door. A flickering candle on this table causes shadows of the busts on the wall and ceiling. A wicker cot stands near to the table but not against the wall; it has been drawn out toward the center of the floor. There are also two or three large wicker chairs. The cover on the cot, the curtain on the door, and the cushions on the chairs and window-seat are all made from the same material, neatly and simply stenciled. The rugs on the floor harmonize with these both in color and design. Framed prints of classical paintings, including the Mona Lisa, hang on the wall above the table. There is another door in the right wall; it opens into a garden. The Ninety-first Psalm hangs between this door and the window. A large desk and a chair stand directly before the window. An oil-lamp is burning on the desk. The room seems small and

modestly furnished when compared to the elaborate massiveness of the interior scene shown in the preceding Act, but the spirit of peace and happiness hovers over all.

Templeton is seated at the desk just as we met him in the First Act. He wears soft gray trousers and a dark blue velvet jacket. Jeanette, in a simple white dress and white canvas shoes, lies sleeping on the cot.

After a while, he rises from the desk, walks toward the cot, and gazes in true admiration on her beautiful face. She wakes suddenly, and he sits down beside her, taking her hand.

JEANETTE—I just had a very queer dream: it seemed there was a knock at the door, and when I answered it I found a snake curled up on the mat. Usually I fear them, but this one seemed harmless, tramped, torn, crushed, almost lifeless, and, in spite of the repulsion I once felt for it, I pitied the poor creature; I refreshed it with cool water; it opened its eyes and licked my hand; the *poison* must have been removed, because I feared it not.

(There is a feeble rap on the door. Jeanette rises, and Templeton crosses the room to answer it. Adder enters, but we do not recognize him owing to a pitiful change in his appearance: his eyes have lost their fire; his face is pale; his cheeks are hollow. He is no longer the picture of health that once pleased our eyes, but his defacement appears more reparable than the hardened features we first saw in Ralph Lyon. Both men have been swamped in evil, but Adder, fortunately, has been rescued before the stain from the mire has permeated his entire being.)

ADDER—*(after a short silence)* May one ask for guidance here?

TEMPLETON—We are only too glad to help the

passer-by. We have purposely located our dwelling on an elevation so that any wanderer who has lost his way in the valley below may quickly find us if he will only look upward. (*He carries a chair forward.*) Sit down, my friend; you are tired.

JEANETTE—And thirsty too. I shall draw some fresh water.

(*She crosses the floor before Adder, and leaves by the door through which he entered. He follows her with his eyes, and after she disappears he sinks into the chair with a painful sigh.*)

ADDER—Yes; I am both tired and thirsty—tired of the worthless life I have been leading, thirsty for a new one, thirsty for all that is right and good, thirsty for—

(*Jeanette returns with a stone cup filled with water. She offers it to him. He drinks, and returns the vessel.*)

Thank you; thank you very much. This is the first real kindness that has been shown me in a long while; it is the act, more than the cool water, which refreshes my burning soul. Would that I could express my gratitude by kissing your kindly hand. (*Jeanette non-reluctantly extends her hand. Adder reaches for it, but draws back immediately.*) No, no. To a woman of her purity, my touch would be as repulsive as the sting of a serpent. I cannot. I cannot.

(*He covers his face with his hands. Templeton signals to Jeanette to leave the room. She carries the cup to the table, takes up the candle, and disappears behind the curtain on the door. Templeton takes his position behind Adder's chair, and pats him amicably on the shoulder.*)

TEMPLETON—Come, come; brace up. I realize your position.

ADDER—Then you recognize me?

TEMPLETON—As one in many who have gone astray.

ADDER—But do you not recall that I was once your neighbor?

TEMPLETON—We are all neighbors. We are the people of a vast neighborhood working toward ultimate good. Even our sinners contribute toward this end in that we all profit by their reckless mistakes. Indeed, our common progress is retarded not by the existing wrongs we are trying to rectify, but by the ingratitude, the ridicule, the opposition and the slander which are constantly being thrown across the path our benefactors are clearing.

ADDER—I regret deeply all I have said about you. I know you must hate me for it.

TEMPLETON—Why should I hate you? What good would that do? What you said was false, and it is only the truth that hurts. You have not harmed me, my dear friend; you have injured only yourself, and what you need is my sympathy and not my contempt.

ADDER—How kind and considerate you are!

TEMPLETON—It is but the pleasure as well as the duty of a Christian to be so. It is only by helping others that we advance ourselves; scorning them simply leads to our own misery.

ADDER—There is no better example than myself to illustrate the truth of your statement. I recall a classmate of mine—a poor ragged devil, who spent all four years of his college life facing and overcoming obstacles; he fired furnaces to pay the rent for his cold attic room; he waited on tables to earn his food; he kept books for a tailor to get what few cast-off clothes he wore. Little time had he to himself, but in that time he fought and toiled. He had no friends, no pleasure, not even health; he had nothing—nothing but ambition. I used to laugh at this man—laugh at his shabby appearance. I avoided his company, and refused to recognize him on the street. What little I said of him behind his back was unkind and false. But now he, who

seemed cursed both by fate and by myself, he has made good, while I, who had everything—health, time, money, ability—have squandered all and am reduced to a miserable, worthless, self-made good-for-nothing.

TEMPLETON—The road to ruin is wide and smooth, but the narrow path to success is full of obstacles. Your classmate has met them one and all; they retarded but did not prevent his progress. Our strength comes mainly through our suffering, and his experience in overcoming one obstacle armed him with a new and stronger determination to conquer the others—including the contempt which you yourself exercised over him.

ADDER—If I had only helped him, then I could look back to at least one good unselfish deed. But no; I cared only for my own happiness and gave no thought to the wretched condition of others. I was worse than a selfish fool! I was a greedy glutton taking more than my fill of beastly pleasures, and, added to all, I was an infernal liar. I tried to win deceptively the love of an innocent girl, and, when she justly cast me off, I insulted her with accusations as false as they were vile.

TEMPLETON—You refer to—

ADDER—Please don't breathe her name. I deny my ears the pleasure of hearing it; I forbid my lips the honor to speak it. But I am repaid; God knows I am well repaid for it all. My own roommate reports my dishonesty to the faculty, and heralds to the public my relations with a harlot. My university expels me; my body suffers incessant torture from the fearful pain of unsightly diseases; my friends no longer know me; and worst of all—my own mother, who has never drawn me to her heart, disowns me. God help me to forget the man she calls her husband; I curse every dollar he has thrust into my reckless hand; I no longer care to own his name. I long to start anew, for, although I have rendered myself unfit for a husband and a father, I can still

be a man—a man earning a deserved existence by his own honest labor. But how—how shall I do it? Look at me; my God! look at me!

TEMPLETON—However black the sky may seem, in time the sun will shine; however wicked our souls appear, if we will but wash away the scum, we shall find good hidden beneath it. (*The faint outlines of distant mountain peaks appear in the fog.*)

ADDER—Is there in me a single virtue?

TEMPLETON—There is at least one seed of it in every man, and that seed is indestructible: place him where you will,—in the midst of the blackest and deadliest evil,—that seed never loses its latent power. It may seem lost forever, but patience and hope will find it, and, although trampled and crushed, it will sprout and blossom if we warm it and nourish it with sunshine and love.

ADDER—And where must that seed be planted?

TEMPLETON—In fresh sweet soil. (*He points out the open window.*) Yonder on the hillside, the laborers have commenced excavations for the New Church of God. Take up your pick and shovel, and help with its foundation.

ADDER—Must I begin so low?

TEMPLETON—We should all begin at the bottom, and then rise. Some of us rise rapidly; others slowly; and some are content to remain there. But even *their* service is essential, for the whole edifice rests on the foundation which is the product of their labor, and God rewards them with the same salvation he grants to the velvet-robed minister who has climbed to the top of the pulpit.

ADDER—What chance have I to rise? Fingers will point; eyes will glare; everybody will crush me with their hatred and their sinister thoughts.

TEMPLETON—You misjudge the world. Prove to them first that you are worthy of remission. Work hard and move onward. Each advancing step toward the truth, how-

ever small, will stand out all the more brilliantly in contrast with the dark background which you have set up behind you. Your new life gradually begins to glow, then to shine, then to sparkle, and finally becomes so dazzling that the background is no longer visible—it dissolves—it fades. (*The fog is gradually clearing; the mountains become more and more distinct.*)

ADDER—(*rising*) I thank you for every word you have told me. They have been words of truth and encouragement. I shall follow your counsel, and to-morrow—no, to-day—I shall start in the ditch, and dig, and dig, and dig.

TEMPLETON—(*placing his hands on Adder's shoulders, and looking deeply into his eyes*) You are setting a noble example for the world: you are starting across that bridge which leads from mere existence to service, from degeneration to manhood. Your hatred for vice will be all the more bitter because you yourself were once a victim, and have now reformed. The world needs men like you, and God knows there are enough eligible candidates. Let it be your mission and my mission to save them. From this moment let us be brothers working for the same cause. Let us clasp hands in eternal friendship and everlasting fraternity.

ADDER (*clasping Templeton's hand*) Fraternity! Never, until now, have I known the true meaning of the word.

(*Jeanette enters through the curtained door.*)

TEMPLETON—And here stands another loving soul to help us.

JEANETTE—(*holding out her hand to Adder*) And to wish you infinite success.

ADDER—Thank you. Thank you. I should love to touch your hand, sweet lady, but God forbids it.

(*Adder starts to walk toward the door, but Templeton arrests him by placing his hand on his shoulder.*)

TEMPLETON—Wait. God has already cleansed you. Fear not to take the guiding hand He offers.

(Adder turns about, walks toward Jeanette, falls on one knee, and, seizing her extended hand, he covers it with kisses. Then he rises, takes his hat, covers his face with his arm, and, sobbing aloud like a child, he feels his way slowly out of the room. Templeton and Jeanette stand motionless until the sobbing dies away in the distance. A delicate pink glow appears in the sky.)

TEMPLETON—He cries because he is happy. He has entered the childhood of a new life, and childhood is the happiest period of all: it is the beginning—the dawn—the time when there is no past—the time when the future looks brightest—the time when our thoughts are clean and pure. *(He extinguishes the lamp, and watches the changing color of the heavens.)*

JEANETTE—He has found the truth. To him it will be as beautiful as the flowers which the children have culled in the meadows.

(Two children rush in through the open door: one, a girl; the other, a very small boy—a mere baby in “rompers.” They are neatly dressed in clean bright clothes, and carry large bunches of daisies in their arms. Templeton and Jeanette join them in singing and dancing around the flowers which they have scattered on the floor in the center of the room.)

GIRL—*(to Jeanette)* We came to turn you into a fairy.

JEANETTE—How jolly! and what would you have me do?

GIRL—Sit right here on the floor, and take down your hair. *(Jeanette obeys, letting her hair fall gracefully over her shoulders.)* Now, Brother, you must sit down also.

TEMPLETON—*(squatting on the floor and taking the baby boy on his knee)* Brother and I will be two little brownies sitting on a log and peeping and smiling.

GIRL—You're too big for a brownie; let Brother be the brownie, and you be the log.

TEMPLETON—Good idea! That is much better. (*He lies down on his back, and the girl places the little boy astride his stomach.*)

GIRL—There; that's fine. You make such a good log, and you're so willing about it too.

TEMPLETON—Does your father ever play log for you?

GIRL—(*standing behind Jeanette and arranging her hair*) Yes; he does almost everything for us now. Mother is so glad he is happy again. He used to be so cranky because he had no money. Sometimes I thought he was going to eat both Brother and me with one bite—but that wouldn't have made him feel any better; would it? Brother alone, without me, would have felt heavy on his tummy.

TEMPLETON—(*who is in a position to judge*) I should say so.

GIRL—But one night he came home all in smiles. He told Mother that money wasn't everything, and that we were going to be just as happy without it; and he came over to my bed, and woke me up, and tickled me, and said, "Laugh, Mary; laugh!" and, sleepy as I was, I laughed so loud that I woke Brother up, and Father took us both in his arms, and kissed us all over. And then he went into Mother's room, and I heard him say: "Thank God! we've got a home that rings with children's laughter."

(*Metcalf rushes into the room, happy and smiling. He wears a very respectable-looking suit and a new straw hat with a rather brilliant band.*)

METCALF—Good morning, everybody.

TEMPLETON—(*rising to a sitting posture, and taking Brother on his lap*) Good morning; you are just in time to see the fairy appear. Come sit down, and join us.

GIRL—Yes; there ought to be a grasshopper looking on too, or you might be a bullfrog, or even a nice big fat caterpillar.

JEANETTE—(*who has just finished making a wreath*

from the daisies) Why didn't you bring Mrs. Metcalf along? She might have served for a butterfly.

METCALF—(*taking his seat on the floor among the others*) I left her at home taking a much-needed rest—we have a maid now you know.

GIRL—(*placing the wreath on Jeanette's head, and fastening it to her hair with other daisies*) And Mother gets time to tell us such nice stories.

METCALF—Yes, and time to read them too; we take *The Ladies' Home Journal* now—a dollar and a half per year. After dinner these days, Kate takes that instead of the dishcloth.

JEANETTE—We were so glad to hear your salary was increased.

METCALF—And it's a happy family we are; isn't it, Brother? (*He relieves Templeton by taking the boy in his own arms.*) We all have new souls—I bought four pairs of shoes last week.

GIRL—You ought to see mine. They are too cute for words—white ones with little blue bows. And look at Brother's! He was allowed to wear his because Father carried him most of the way.

JEANETTE—Come over to me, Brother, and let me see them. (*The boy tottles across the floor, and Jeanette catches him in her arms.*)

GIRL—But our shoes aren't in it with Mother's Easter bonnet.

METCALF—Her first hat in five years. Kate always had to trim her own hats; last Easter she used chicken feathers. (*Laughter.*) It may sound queer, but it looked almost as swell as these Parisian roof-gardens with their *imported* cocktails. Kate has some head—she has a certain knack of making something out of almost nothing. Would you believe that Mary's dress, there, was made out of our front-room curtain, and Brother's belt is an old tie of mine. Kate

is a *real* mother—she does everything she can for my boy and girl, and that's why I sacrificed a great part of last month's pay to get her that new bonnet with the blue plumes and forget-me-nots.

TEMPLETON—Have you something to harmonize with it?

METCALF—(*holding up his straw hat with the bright blue band*) Yes.

TEMPLETON—You must look charming when you go out walking together.

METCALF—Yes; we hope to be taken into society by next fall. Kate has already had an invitation to a church social; she's going to furnish the doughnuts.

TEMPLETON—I am glad to find you looking at the brighter side of life.

METCALF—Since I have paid back all that money I borrowed for my education I am feeling happy as a lark.

JEANETTE—And you look like one too in all your new plumage.

METCALF—It is remarkable what clothes will do: just outside the door I met one of my students, and he actually recognized me.

TEMPLETON—There comes a time in every man's life when he realizes the truth in the principle of equality. The student you have mentioned has paid for his folly.

METCALF—If I had owned these clothes sooner, I believe I could have done that fellow more good; I might have helped in part toward avoiding his ruin.

JEANETTE—In what way, Mr. Metcalf?

METCALF—The more respectable a teacher appears, the more he impresses a student with his knowledge. How can we expect these fashionable youths to be inspired by a sour-faced pedagogue in a worm-eaten suit and a soup-stained necktie even though he know forward and backward the cause of every natural phenomenon? These boys get the

idea that serious study must invariably result in deterioration, and that deep thinking is but the mania of a freak. There are some over-paid geniuses whose hair goes to seed and whose trousers bag at the knee on account of their inexcusable recklessness, but there are many other more evenly balanced *teachers*, with pride as well as sense, whose features have become haggard and whose clothes have grown shiny from ill-paid labor and unavoidable parsimony. Over half the money donated to educational institutions is mis-used; stately recitation halls and stately laboratories will never serve in turning the head of youth from folly to study unless we place (*He rises, and strikes a stately pose.*) stately teachers within them.

JEANETTE—Bravo!

METCALF—I believe the modern notion of a university is radically wrong, and I think my opinion is confirmed by the poor results we obtain. The whole system should undergo a revolution: less fuss over the hobbies of genius, and more attention to the enlightenment of the masses. Research in unknown fields of learning may demand the sacrifice of teaching ability on the part of the investigator, but it should *not* usurp the positions and the salaries which are connected with the more rudimentary instruction of our children. Bring out the teachers—the *real* teachers; encourage more and better men in the teaching profession; pay them enough so they can live respectably and win the admiration of their students. Then our sons will get an education instead of a degree, and our universities will turn out learned and moral men instead of tinkling cymbals and profligates.

JEANETTE—When will your ideas go into effect?

METCALF—When Brother here is ready for college.

JEANETTE—And where will you send him?

METCALF—To that university which is going to take the first step in the right direction. Stand up, Brother, and tell us what you're going to be when you grow up.

BROTHER—(*standing upright like the little sprout which develops into a mighty oak*) A man.

METCALF—What kind of a man?

BROTHER—A good man.

METCALF—What else?

BROTHER—A smart man.

METCALF—Is that all?

BROTHER—A YALE man, Daddy.

(*Metcalf lifts his little son to his shoulder, and takes the girl by the hand.*)

METCALF—Come along, Kiddies; we must go home to Mother. (*to Jeanette*) This wasn't intended for a formal call. We were out for a morning climb to see the sunrise, and just dropped in. The next time, I shall bring Kate along with her new bonnet.

(*The three of them skip out the door singing their "Good byes."* Templeton rises and walks to the window, where he waves his handkerchief. Jeanette remains seated on the floor among the field flowers.)

JEANETTE—What a happy family they are!

TEMPLETON—It does my heart good to see them. To work for the happiness of others—that is my mission.

JEANETTE—You have accomplished it, John; why can't you rest and be satisfied?

TEMPLETON—When a man is satisfied with what he has done, and cares to do no more, he has reached his culminating point, and is of no more service to the world in which he lives.

JEANETTE—Yes, John, but surely you have earned your laurel by this time.

TEMPLETON—The laurel wreath that comes with trivial labor soon withers and dies, but the one which is the reward for perpetual service to God remains forever green. (*He gazes in the direction of the distant mountain peaks.*)

JEANETTE—But your health and your life?

TEMPLETON—I shall leave that to Him, Jeanette. (*He comes forward with a chair, and sits before her so that he himself faces the open window.*) I lost my parents before I knew what a father or a mother meant. There was only God to watch over me, and why should he not continue to do so. He has always been my only friend. My principles have not conformed with those of the world, and consequently it turned its back upon me. But the fact that I was not loved only strengthened by desire to love, and the fact that I found the world cold instilled in me a deep longing to warm it. God favored me with both the opportunity and the reward: I was placed among men who were sorely in need of guidance, and, while helping God to reform them, He sent you to assist me—you were the sunshine that brightened my secluded life.

JEANETTE—(*rising from her nest of flowers, remaining on her knees and placing her arms about his neck*) I am so glad, John; so glad.

TEMPLETON—(*holding her head in his hands*) You, Jeanette, are that little fairy who turns my work into play and changes my very fatigue into animation. You have brought the light to me; I have brought light to you; both of us must continue to bring it to others. We have reached the mountain top, but we must climb still higher that we may see farther and find those who are lost in the dark valley below us. You ask me to rest, but I cannot; I must climb—climb and take you with me. I am not content to see your head wreathed in daisies; they were culled in the lowlands; they will soon wilt and fade. But high up on the Alpine summits grows the edelweiss, which is reached only with the expenditure of great effort and even at the risk of life, but, once obtained, it remains fresh and wholesome eternally. Look, Jeanette! See the towering peaks around us—The Thrones of God! (*He points out the open window. She turns her head, and gazes wistfully across the valley.*) On

them the air is still purer ; the sunshine, even brighter ; the edelweiss, more genuine. There must we climb, higher and higher, to gather the blossoms for your crown. And after we reach the highest summit, we shall climb still higher : Heaven is the ultimate goal. And there we shall gather the stars. The stars, Jeanette, shall finally encircle your brow.

JEANETTE—It is wonderful, John ; all so wonderful. And I am so happy that God has sent me as a companion to re-animate you for the lofty task in which you serve Him.

TEMPLETON—(*drawing her tenderly to his bosom*) I am so grateful that you are able to understand me, Jeanette.

JEANETTE—It would be selfish to think you belonged to me alone, to think that all your love must be mine. You appear more noble to me when you share it with others. But I, John, I can love no one but you ; all the sunshine my heart and soul can bring is for you alone.

TEMPLETON—But humanity needs your love also, Jeanette. There are times when mine cannot replace it. Even now I can hear a soul crying out to you for help ; I can see outstretched arms pleading for your mercy.

JEANETTE—(*gradually leaving his arms, and sinking to the floor*) My father. My cruel, heartless father. I can never return to him. Never. I vowed that he must come to me.

TEMPLETON—And when you made that vow you were out of reason just as much as your father was when he disowned you.

JEANETTE—No, John ; what I felt was right and truth—what he felt was false.

TEMPLETON—It is for that very reason that you should overlook it. Your father was not himself ; he was the victim of evil. He is not entirely to blame.

JEANETTE—How can you take his part when he accused us so fearfully ? Oh ! why have you recalled it ? I see him now attacking me with every tooth and nail. I shall

never be able to forget it. I can never do anything but hate him, hate him, hate him.

TEMPLETON—You should hate evil, Jeanette, and hate it intensely, but do not hate the unfortunate ones who lie strangling under its grip. Rather then condemn man, let us better the conditions under which he lives. In the first place: Who were your father's parents? Wealthy people so thirsty for social prestige that they could give their own child no attention. He never had a true mother's love; he never had a righteous father's counsel. In fact, he was sent away among strangers with nothing but a heavy purse. He went to school, to college. There he acquired both habits and friends—Alas! we call them friends—these “good fellows” who not only boast of their own low deeds, but lead *us* arm in arm to ill fame and ruin. (*Jeanette begins to show more and more interest.*) His university—the Alma Mater under whose responsibility his uprightness was shifted—she likewise was too thirsty for showy reputation to take interest in her own son. In her frenzied efforts to expand and to claim the glory of new discoveries and achievements, she ignored his moral education and conferred upon him a degree for the examinations which he passed with his tutor's brain. His ignorant parents applauded his victory, and rewarded him with a fortune to last the rest of his days. With a future provided for, he never knew the sweetness of labor, but continued the fatal pleasures of his youth. Without a conscience to guide him, and without a single hand to help him, he sank into the quagmire of evil—lower, lower, lower. (*With these words, she gradually lowers her head on his knee and begins to sob.*) Now, Jeanette, you understand why I said he was not entirely to blame. Of course he has sinned, but you and I both know that he has been punished and suffers. But remember, his sins are indirectly the cause of your happiness, which seems all the brighter in contrast with his sorrow. Is it not only human,

Jeanette, that those who are benefited by the mistakes of others should, if not share, at least do all they can to relieve the pang of the transgressor rather than increase it by spurning him? Your father now realizes his error, and he is working hard to reach you and admit it. This very moment he is climbing the mountain side—the mountain of truth and light. Are you going to help or hinder him?

JEANETTE—(*rising, and drying her tears*) I shall go and help him, John; help him all I can. I should have done it long ago. Poor unfortunate father!

TEMPLETON—(*rising, and taking her in his arms*) It is the glorious spirit of God within you.

(The strains of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" set the air in rapturous vibration; the flowers on the window-sill nod happily as a fragrant breeze blows over them.)

Jeanette flutters out through the open door like a bird.

Templeton returns to his desk, and writes.

The distant mountain peaks seem nearer than before. The first quivering ray of the rising sun escapes from behind the eastern range, and falls upon the neighboring summits. They sparkle like diadems suspended in the heavens, reflecting a flood of golden light symbolic of the exultation of God.)

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